

THE
NEGRO

EQUALLED BY FEW
EUROPEANS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

VOL. II.

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AFTER some weeks, if misery did not induce an error into my calculations, my jailors came to take me from my dungeon. Little acquainted with the practices of European laws, I had nothing to inform me of my fate. Whither do they lead me? Said I. To death perhaps. Then, behold me ready.

The idea of approaching death entirely occupied my mind. I perceived nothing which passed around me. I knew neither the distance nor the places through which I was led. My thoughts were interrupted only at times, by a numerous guard which pressed upon me.

At length, I lifted up my eyes, and saw myself in a place in which a judge, with a single secretary, seemed to ex-

pect me. My jailors withdrew. The judge demanded if I was a Christian. Yes, I answered.—“Then raise your hand, and promise to God to speak the truth.”—“I never speak otherwise; but, as you wish it, I will make the promise.”—“Was M. *Urban* ever known to you?”—“Yes.”—“How, and at what time?”

I recounted to him the history of his taking me from my native land. The secretary wrote both the interrogations and the answers.

The judge continued to question me: “Tell me—you have preserved a violent resentment against him?”—“It would be difficult to forget his injurious treatment of me.”—“Write, that he has preserved a violent resentment against M. *Urban*.”—“I have not said so. You made me take an oath to speak the truth; I did not require your oath that you would respect it, although justice seemed to exact that.” The judge without noticing my objection, said to the secretary: preserve the answer, as it was written by you; it came from the first emotions of nature; and, consequently, it is the voice of truth. Then addressing himself to me.—“Did you not depart,



part, on such a day, at such an hour, from the plantation of M. *de C——*?" — "Yes." — "Whom did you meet on your road?" — "The only person whom I knew, was *Urban*."

"Do you know that?" — Said he, presenting a cutlass to me. I examined it. "Yes:" I answered, "it is mine. I had not before recollected that I had lost it." — "Write that he acknowledges the cutlass to be his. And why is it stained with blood?" — "I cannot positively speak of the cause; but, to the best of my recollection, I must have left it on the spot where *Urban* was assassinated."

"M. *Urban* was assassinated then? How do you know that?" — "I was present." — "Write. And by whom was he assassinated?" — "By two negroes." — "Do you know them?" — "No." — "Observe how he would impose upon us. Within three leagues of the place there are no negroes but those of M. *de C——*'s plantation. If M. *Urban* was assassinated by negroes, it could only be by these, regard being had to the time and place. And an abode of six months in that plantation must have made them all known to him." — "I do know them all. But

the assassination was not committed by any of them. I have spoken the truth."

"Who," resumed the judge, "is he who is called *Otourou*?" "He is one of my friends."—"Were you alone when you met *M. Urban*?"—"Yes."—"Otourou, then, was not with you?"—"No."—"Observe how he prevaricates. Otourou by his own avowal even, had passed many nights wandering about the habitation. Conducted to that place, he had pointed out the spot where he usually hid himself; particularly the night of the assassination he had passed almost entirely there."—"The circumstance is strange, but the truth is, that he was not with me."—"Once more, was he not with you?"—"No, I tell you."

"Know you that?" said the judge, presenting some cotton rags to me covered with blood: "Yes:" answered I.—"What is it?"—"The remains of an handkerchief, which I tore to bind up the wounds of *M. Urban*; and which, I imagine, I left on the place."—"Did this handkerchief belong to you?"—"Yes."—"See again, how he would impose upon us. The bandage, found on *M. Urban's* wounds, is not of the same stuff with this, but part of a linen neckcloth,

neckcloth, which appears to have been the property of M. *Urban*. Besides, the handkerchief, which we have shewn to him, and which he claims to be his, is not his property; for the mark on it is different from that on his own linen.”—

“In fact, I now recollect my mistake; and I should not have made it, had I been previously informed of the subject of this conversation.”—“I believe it: Well?”—“I really did tear this handkerchief for *Urban*’s wound; but, afterwards, recollecting that the cotton would envenom the wound, I removed it; and hence it was that you found it stained with blood. I then untied the neckcloth which *Urban* wore. It was, indeed, made of linen; and that was the reason which made me prefer it to mine. I cut it into bandages with the cutlafs which you have shewn me. My attention altogether occupied, I have unquestionably left both my handkerchief and the cutlafs on the spot. This answer I should have made at first had you questioned me with more connection; excuse my frankness.”

“But what do you say to the mark on the handkerchief?”—“It is true that it is not mine.”—“Was *Otourou* with you?”

—“ It is the third time that I answer you, No.”—“ Whose mark is this on the handkerchief? You have said it is yours, yet it is not yours.”—“ But may I also demand why you, whom I do not know, press me with such questions? Hitherto politeness has induced me to answer you; but it also appears to me that discretion should place some bounds to your curiosity.”—“ The condition in which you are, this place, my appearance alone, ought to have informed you that I am your judge.”—“ Why did you not tell me so, sooner? I should have thanked you for your cares; for, having committed no crime, I have no need of a judge.”—“ I pardon your ignorance. I have not said that you are criminal; but be persuaded to answer me without prevarication. If you are accused of a crime, your silence cannot save you; on the contrary, it would pass for a confession.”—“ But, whether I am silent or speak, it should appear to me that I cannot confess what I have not done.”—“ Of what moment is your confession, if proofs speak against you?”—“ What occasion then was there for the oath which you desired me to take?”—“ The law exacts it.”—“ The law is erroneous, or you interpret

interpret it ill. If she requires this oath, it must be undoubtedly to the end that the language of truth may place the accused in security from the force of proofs which chance may have combined together. If the law wishes, on the contrary, that the force of circumstantial proofs shall be preferred to the language of the accused, the oath becomes useless; since it is no longer a safeguard for innocence. In every case this oath becomes a crime, either in the judge or in the accused. You yourself, as a judge, by requiring it make a tacit avowal that you believe yourself bound by it. See the contradiction of the law. If after his oath the accused imposes upon you, and you absolve him, he is culpable of a new crime. If he speaks the truth and you yield to appearances which condemn him, it is you whom the oath renders criminal: for you have heard the truth and have disdained it."—"The law does not admit of these subtle distinctions."—"So much the worse. I pity both the guilty and the innocent."

"Are you willing to answer?"—"Yes: for you have received my oath, and I will fulfil it in its full extent."—"Whose mark, then, is this which is on

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the handkerchief?"—"I will tell you because it is the truth—It is the mark of *Otourou*?"—"Write. It appears that, hitherto, he has not told us a word of truth. And, inasmuch, as the handkerchief stained with blood was found on the spot where *M. Urban* had been assassinated, and, as, at first he said that it belonged to him, although in truth it belonged to *Otourou*, it is evidently clear that this *Otourou* was with him, though that is formally denied by him."—"The consequence seems just; I cannot deny it. Appearance is undoubtedly on the side of your reasoning; and that which I am now going to tell you, which is however the truth, will certainly pass with you for a romance. This handkerchief makes a part of the dress of our country. It is worn as a girdle round the loins. The rank of my father obliged *Otourou* and I to have them of a stuff finer than others. Friends from our infancy, every thing which belonged to one served the other. Separated from him in a battle, it happened that we each lost this accoutrement, and each found that of the other. This very article, then of which we speak, had belonged to my friend; and thence it was precious

ous to me. When I came into these climates I had no occasion for it in the usual way, and I made an handkerchief of it which I commonly wore on my neck. I have others also of the same piece; but upon this alone will be found the mark of *Otourou*. Nothing less than humanity could induce me to sacrifice it. I own, even then, the sacrifice pained me. Yet I could not refrain from it; and now you know the whole!"

The result of this examination, said the judge, is that M. *Urban* has been assassinated by two negroes, who according to the declaration of the prisoner do not belong to the only plantation which is in that neighbourhood; that he has preserved a violent resentment against M. *Urban*: that he saw the deceased on the spot where he was assassinated; that he has acknowledged the bloody cutlafs, found in the same place, to be his; that the handkerchief bearing the mark of *Otourou* sufficiently proves, notwithstanding the explication which he has given to the circumstance, that it belonged to that negro; that they were together, and that we must conclude from this concurrent testimony that it was the prisoner and his comrade *Otourou* who have

murdered *M. Urban*, according to the accusation.

Oh! cried I, what horror! I murdered him! I! who——My knees ceased to support me. I fell without sense.

They brought me speedy assistance, and I opened my eyes to the light. I was placed on a chair. My jailors surrounded and supported me. A surgeon made me smell at some salts, and he wished me to swallow a liquid which he held in a cup.

Away! Leave me! said I. Vengeance or death! One, I will have! I thought I perceived some marks of compassion in the countenance of the spectators, excepting the judge; who had not changed his place, and who preserved his countenance unmoved.

After some pause, he demanded of the surgeon if I could speak. A moment's patience, answered he. The judge waited with composure. The surgeon again pressed me to take the liquor, which he presented. He had still hold of my arm, and observed the beating of my pulse.

In such moments, the ideas of a man vary at each second. Give me the draught, said I—I feel that I need courage.

rage.—Yet no—it will be believed that I owe my resolution to this liquor alone. It shall not be said that a negro had occasion for foreign aids to support his firmness. I put the cup from me. The surgeon made a sign to the judge, and retired. The latter sent away my jailors: then spoke to me thus:

You see of what you are suspected: was it you who murdered *Urban*? You may, without fear, answered I fiercely, insult a man who is in fetters. Answer my question: said the judge. Did you murder *Urban*?

I know not what was the emotion from which they proceeded, but tears ran down my cheeks. Alas! I cried, I had his life in my hands, and I did not destroy it. Believe the truth: it was not I who slew him. Oh, my God! my God! at present thou doest judge him. Thou seest the unceasing miseries which he has caused me.—Ah grant him thy mercy!—though men should refuse me justice!

An involuntary emotion betrayed the judge. I saw his eyes close, and I believed it was with grief. Ah! said I, dragging myself to his feet, I should blush to embrace the knees of an unfeeling

ing man; but you are not that man: I see it. Condemn me if your law compels you to do so: but tell me—do tell me, that you do not believe *Itanoko* culpable. I do not know you, but you are a man; and I have need of your esteem.

His tenderness had passed away as a hasty shower; and again his muscles became inflexible. He repulsed me gently with his hand. Ah! I cried: I have been raised in the bosom of nature; you cannot deceive me: you suffer more than I.

He said coldly to me; “are you ready to sign?”—“What?”—“This examination.”—“I know not what may follow, but I consent. I have spoken the truth.” My jailors entered. You know my orders, said he to them: conduct him away.

I went along with them, without knowing whither they led me; but, such is the privilege of innocence, my heart was now without inquietude. I was indifferent as to the issue. When we had proceeded through various apartments, we arrived at a place in which they took off my irons. I saw this without surprise or pleasure. It seemed that all my feelings

ings were reserved for a scene to which I was hastening.

Extremely weakened, they carried me, rather than that I walked, towards the door of an apartment. I entered: what did I see! Never can I think of it without tears! I beheld *Ferdinand*! *Honor**ia*! *Bruno*! We all stood as if enchained by various passions. Where am I? cried I: where am I?—Ah, I have not seen all! *Otourou* also! I shrieked. I threw my arms round his neck. I sobbed on his bosom. Pardon me, said I to my friends: but it is for me that he has suffered. My first caresses are indeed due to him.

Our friends surrounded us. I felt them——“Oh forbear!—I cannot—cease, cease—my head—my heart fails me—alas!”—

I sunk on the floor. I recovered but to rave. “Where is *Urban*? Let him come. I wish to see him. Alas! I have done nothing to you, *Urban*. These are your children: they love me: why do you hate me?”—

They give me air.—“Ah! I recollect: but where—I—what then has happened? Where am I?”—“In the arms of *Ferdinand*. Do you not know me then?”—

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"It is my *Ferdinand*. I saved your life, but you were worthy of it: I saved your father's life, your father! your father! whom I have murdered!"

Ah for pity cease to wound us, cried *Honor*a.—"But, *Ferdinand*, did you say that I murdered him?"—Recall your senses, said *Honor*a: these are your friends. You see them. Do you not know them?—Let me conjure you be careful of yourself—if not for your friends, yet for *Amelia*.

"*Amelia*! ah, may she be happy!"—"She cannot be so without you."—Ah, my son! my dear son! said *Bruno*, folding me in his arms: will you do nothing for us?

Oh, my friends! I cried: is it true that this is no dream? I thought myself yet in the frightful dungeon, in hideous darkness. Alas, every day I saw you there—approach me all—all—all. Let me embrace you. Let me assure myself—are you there, *Otouro*? You pardon me our friendship, do you not? Ah! cried *Otouro*, shall I pardon you that which is the happiness, the charm of my life?

Such was the delirium into which this unexpected scene had hurried me. It was

was dissipated but slowly. The caresses, the tender cares, the tears of my friends did but serve to feed it. Ah! annihilation of reason! Delightful and cruel condition! At once the spring of piercing delights and of agonising pains!

Let our situation be imagined. An innocent man, in the depth of misery, surrounded by friends, who had each of them blindly laboured to widen, to sink deeper the gulph into which he was plunged; who had all beheld the injustice which dragged him to the precipice, and had no arm to snatch him from the brink. My sight was a wounding reproach to them: yet had they strength of mind to support it. What say I? It was become more precious to them—their only comfort.

Ferdinand—and who would not have a heart like that of *Ferdinand*--*Ferdinand* was the cause of our present wretchedness. His father had been assassinated. His filial affection was eager to discover the perpetrators of this deed. The little knowledge he had, as to this fact, he had learned from *Honoria* and *Bruno*, who gave it him as they received it from me. He ran, then, to give information to justice of the murder of his father, committed

mitted by two unknown negroes. The ministers of justice proceeded to the place where *Urban's* corpse lay ; and the domestics, of the plantation and those of *Theodore* were interrogated. All, attracted by curiosity or their duty, had been witnesses of *Urban's* last moments ; and all agreed in deposing that he had, in dying, pronounced only two words. Fatal words ! which resentment and gratitude had unquestionably caused, and which death did not permit him to explain.

He had been placed on a bed. He was nearly without sense. The eager cares of *Theodore*, his reiterated questions, recalled him for an instant to himself. He opened his mouth. All were hushed to hear him. With a faint, broken voice, he uttered these words : Two negroes—*Itanoko*—He would have continued. His head sunk ; his eyes became fixed ; he expired.

Such was the unvaried purport of all the depositions. One of the domestics alone added that, during the night, while he was occupied in tending the horses with which *Theodore* had just arrived, he had perceived a negro whom he did not know, and who appeared to run towards

towards that place where the assassination had been committed.

This negro was *Otourou*. The equerry acknowledged that he had been the author of my flight; and, that, judging by the time of my departure and that in which *Urban* had arrived, it was improbable that I should not have encountered him.

A diligent search was, then, made in the plain which *Urban* must have crossed in his way to the plantation. At length the spot of the murder was discovered, and the cutlafs and torn handkerchief were found stained with blood. The overseer swore that he had seen the former in my possession; and a negro woman deposed that she had washed the handkerchief frequently for me. The evidence was sufficient to convince the administrators of justice that I had committed the murder. They immediately issued a warrant to apprehend me and my accomplice. But this accomplice was not known. *Otourou's* avowal at the house of *Bruno* that he was my comrade was quite enough for the officers, and they thought themselves authorised to involve him in my misfortune.

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The anguish, the terror, of *Ferdinand* when he was informed of these circumstances may easily be imagined. He would have given a world to have suspended the proceedings (for not one moment did he doubt my innocence) but it was too late; and while I, with *Bruno*, was congratulating my heart on his return, this unfortunate friend stood with his eyes fixed on the scaffold on which he saw inevitable death preparing for me.

Thanks to my worthy friends to have judged me by their own hearts alone! Yet was every appearance against me; an incredible chain of events; an impenetrable concurrence of circumstances! I had no defence but an irreproachable life, and an immoveable love of truth. Advocates which a prejudiced world laugh at, and which the law little consults. My friends believed their testimony; my friends had the courage to repel falsehood clothed in the robe of truth. Valuable example! Be it never forgotten! Already, perhaps, has as much innocence fallen a victim to decent circumstances as has been sacrificed to the errors of legislation.

Ah! let the good be assured that virtue is no chimera; that there is an eternal

nal truth which connects some hearts together, by an invisible chain, and communicates an intellectual language which expresses to them alone the secrets of each other's conscience.

The hour compelled my friends to retire: yet not till their generosity, their goodness, had restored confidence to my mind. Reason had resumed her dominion, and I was found capable of sustaining the detail which I have just related.

Still, however, my condemnation seemed inevitable. Two negroes had assassinated *Urban*; but they were unknown, and what should lead to the discovery of them? In the rapidity with which the fatal circumstances had passed, scarcely did I observe the features of these negroes; and should they be presented to my view it was not probable I should know them.

Otourou and I were now alone in the prison. He had appeared to yield, less than any other, to the tender sentiments with which we were agitated. I knew his character and I was little surprised; but another idea alarmed me. I feared he would consider the tenderness with which my friends had spoken to him as
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the effect only of their regard for me; and that he would feel all the dreadful severity of his condition to which he was exposed by his friendship for me. But I deceived myself. He was incapable of this reflection. The truth is, the sullen harshness of his conduct sprang from the prejudices of his education, which his mind, elevated as it was, had not yet subdued.

See then, said he, as soon as we were left alone, to what we are reduced? Neither innocence nor friendship can rescue us. Ought we to endure the shame which is preparing for us? We are the most unfortunate among men: shall we not be the most despicable too by receiving from the hands of the executioner that death which we can yet administer to ourselves with our unpolluted arms. Our glory is yet entire: let us not now stain it by shewing ourselves without courage. Let us die and disappoint the injustice and cruelty of European men. Let them learn, once at least, what the negro can do, whom they oppress. Let our bloody carcases announce our disdain of them: ah, let us have some vengeance!

Little

Little did I expect this discourse. It rushed like a tempest on my soul. Scarcely could all my powers resist the temptation. Honour was most precious to me, opprobrium, most terrifying. The fire of my disposition was roused. The voice, the exhortations of friendship, almost irresistible.

Otourou waited for my answer. While contending sentiments are in fierce conflict in the mind, which of them can break into expression?

Long was the silence. At length, virtue gained the ascendancy. The death you propose, said I, would save us from the scaffold; but can we justify it? In dying by our own hands, or by those of the executioner, the dishonour is equal if we leave behind a polluted reputation. Of what import, said he, is the opinion of men after our death? Shall we be zealous to live with honour in the remembrance of men who have not the virtue to disdain injustice, nor the wisdom to frame laws which falsehood cannot surprise? It is chance alone which plants glory on the tomb of man: chance alone saves him from the condemnation of other men.

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But, said I, it is necessary that I preserve my own esteem; that I die pure.

——“And who more so than we?”——

“Were our life a series of virtuous efforts a voluntary death would efface them all; and we should die involved in the greatest of crimes.”——“What say

you? crimes!”——“Yes: we should be guilty of injustice to the supreme Author of our being. We are entrusted only with the use, and not with the property, of life. We cannot have it in our power to dispose of that which we had it no way in our power to acquire. We should be guilty of injustice to men. We owe to them our succours during the storms of life. They are entitled to our counsels, our examples, our affection. To deprive them of these, by our voluntary death, is to deceive society; and to fly from the discharge of a debt which we contracted in the cradle, and have increased in every instant of our life. See what you propose to me! To be criminal toward God, toward men, toward ourselves! What, then, would become of that purity with which you ought to appear in the presence of the eternal Being?”——“What need was there, then, to engrave on my mind the ideas of honour

nour and disgrace, since I must disdain the former, and submit to the latter? Why have I received vigour and fortitude, since in the instant in which I most need them I am forbid to employ them?"

—"The only honour is to obey the dictates of virtue: all beside, the only disgrace. Vigour and fortitude were given to you, to subdue, or to support, misfortune; not to fly from it. But, tell me, how would you regard the man who, to relieve another from a pressing evil, would rather slay than console him?" — "As an abominable assassin."

—"You sit in judgment on yourself." —

"What then is my consolation?" —

"Have you forgot your innocence?" —

"Still opprobrium!" — "It belongs only to the slave of his passions. The man who resignedly mounts the scaffold, with innocence and constancy, is among the first of men."

I had frequent occasion to recur to these arguments to persuade *Otourou*; and, perhaps, I might not have succeeded had I not been earnestly seconded by the zeal and abilities of *Bruno*.

Meanwhile the faint hope, which had been entertained by our friends, decreased as time advanced. I perceived it visibly

sibly in the countenance of *Ferdinand*, who every day became more dejected, notwithstanding the efforts which he made to conceal his trouble from us. My soul, on the contrary, gathered new strength from day to day, and I began to contemplate death without emotion. Religion, philosophy, innocence, the little happiness I had ever experienced on the earth, removed all the bitterness of the approaching moment. Yet, sadly did the condition of *Ferdinand* afflict me; one day, that *Honor*a was absent, that *Otouro* had quitted us for repose, and that *Bruno* had not yet appeared, I took his hand between mine, and pressing it tenderly, Ah, said I, how unhappy am I to see you thus! Alas, I shall cause your death. But why do you endeavour to conceal your sorrows from me? They are frightful, said he, you conceive not all the extent of them. You forget that *Urban* was my father (1). What fatality has ordained that my race should be so destructive to you! My father loaded you with evils, and when his unjust hatred was suddenly extinguished in the feelings of gratitude, he dies, and his son steps in his place to conduct you to the scaffold. Cease, said I, to out-
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rage your virtue. You have done only what it was your duty to do. My misfortune was not your crime. Pity me; but do not accuse yourself.

The respect that is due to the memory of a father, said *Ferdinand*, becomes my excuse; and I know you too well to doubt your receiving it; yet, could I even save you, never should I forget the miseries which I have already caused you. What then, shall I now do? When hope has fled, and when your death——Ah, *Itanoko*——your death becomes unavoidable? What shall I do when, through me, shall be shed the blood of the innocent? Your judge, informed by me, laments your fate; but in vain. I thought that by desisting from my prosecutions you would be free. It is of no avail, said the judge to me, the vindictive public must be avenged. The law must have its course.

He rose, and retired to the further part of the room, and I was about to follow him; but I had no new consolation to offer him, and I sat down without a word.

There is yet one way, said he, returning to me, but I know you, and I have not courage to name it.——“What is it?”

it?—"There are but two men who guard you, I may with gold"—"I understand you; but let us not entertain the idea. Whatever may be the consequence to me, it is my duty to save you from a weakness. Oh, my friend, remember the seducer is guilty of the crime committed by the seduced. And what would you thus preserve for me? A life stained with reproach! Is not an innocent death preferable? Virtue and friendship are my sole happiness. By living, I must forfeit one, and become unworthy of the other. Some few days longer life does not deserve the sacrifice."

A considerable time had now elapsed since the day on which *Otouro* and I were apprehended. Out of respect to *Ferdinand*, the judges had hitherto delayed to pass sentence; but they were compelled to place bounds to their complaisance; and our friends could no longer reasonably flatter themselves that it would be extended any further.

The fatal day was at length named, and we were soon to hear the sentence of death pronounced. *Honor*a and *Ferdinand* had the sad office to inform us of it. *Bruno*, during four days past, had not

not appeared. His absence astonished us all. Whither is he gone? said I, to *Ferdinand*. *Ferdinand* could not tell me. The cause of this strange conduct was hid in impenetrable darkness. To abandon us in this last moment! To expose *Otourou* to his attachment to a voluntary death, which still combated his better reason? It did not accord with the compassion, it did not accord with the religion of our venerable old father.

What a day was that which preceded the morning appointed for our execution! My soul was tormented with the most harassing incertitude which increased with each sound that announced the flight of another hour. I shall cease to exist, said I. What then? Is this so great an evil? What have I seen upon the earth? Injustice, avarice, discord, oppression, and revenge! Millions of men associated together by consent, divided by interest; ever encountering, yet flying each other without ceasing! Misfortune oppressing the greatest virtue; and slavery the lot of almost all! Such is the world! Deserves it to be regretted by reason?

But whither do I go? continued I. Profound obscurity! Impenetrable abyss!

To-morrow, wilt thou devour me!—Ah, rather, to-morrow, my soul, with a rapid flight, swifter than an eagle's wing, shall mount to the abode of peace and felicity! Let me not now renounce the distinction I have been taught between good and evil. Since the tender years when *Dumont* led me by the hand, have I not felt its sacred truth, and has it not elevated my mind, when all beside conspired to depress me? No: I cannot doubt; I go to find my God! I go to see him sitting on the throne of eternity!

In these moments I scarcely felt myself connected with the earth. The gentlest passions came to tell me that I still existed; and the sighs of *Honoria* and *Ferdinand* drew me from my deep meditation.

Oh my friends, cried I, you afflict yourselves! A little sooner or a little later, must we not, sometime, have separated? Alas, it costs me as much as you! I have loved you very tenderly. *Honoria*, *Ferdinand*, many negroes live subjected to your laws. While they serve you, sometimes think of the unfortunate *Itanoko*. Your virtues and my remembrance shall soften their hardships. What have I received from nature which
they

they do not possess? Ah! esteem my unhappy countrymen as your children! It is an heritage which I bequeath them; and it shall be more precious to them than a world: for it shall protect them from injustice. May all Europeans, for the happiness of Africa, one day resemble you.

And you, model of friendship, my dear *Otourou*, forgive me your death: if I had possessed the treasures of the universe, you should have partaken of them. I have had nothing but misfortunes to divide with you.—The portion is dear to me! cried he: throwing himself into my arms.

Honoria and *Ferdinand* could not answer. Their oppressed hearts furnished them only with tears. What a situation! What a moment!

But *Bruno*, said *Otourou*, *Bruno*: he does not come near us! My unfortunate friend, more firm than I, had supported the awful sentence of our death, with much more resolution. Yet was his sacrifice greater than mine. He was even then in the enjoyment of one of the sweetest instants that can arrive in the life of man. Left in his cradle, without a parent near him, death was now announced

nounced to him while he was yet in the arms, yet listening to the voice, of a long lost father. And all knew this except I. Delicate sensibility had hid it from me; it was not added to sharpen the bitterness with which I reproached myself for his misfortunes, and which I imputed only to myself. Alas, I might have died without knowing all the strength of which friendship is capable!

I took the hand of *Ferdinand*. Yet one request more, said I: but promise me to grant it. Ah command! said he, and do not request! Every word you speak is sacred to me. You know, said I, what *Dumont* has done for me; and gratitude will soon be no longer in my power. I hope he lives yet: exert your friendship to find him: His old age will have need of consolation: I can give him none:—Ah, find him—find his suffering daughter—tell them—ah God, my tears! —they are the last which love shall cost me.—*Honoria*, receive them to your friendship: to you I present them—the dying *Itanoko* presents them. Alas! but for your—brother—pardon me—I wander: my afflictions render me unjust and cruel. I have pierced your heart, but I did not wish it.

I swear,

I swear, cried *Ferdinand*—No, it shall be my care, said *Honorio*: He shall be my father: she shall be my sister.—I am satisfied, I cried: I die contented.

The day wasted apace, and *Bruno* did not appear; I burned to see him, and the impatience of *Otourou* yet exceeded mine. From the time that we were suffered to remain together, in the same apartments of the prison, the old negro, whom I had seen at *Duménil's* house, (the ancient companion and friend of *Bruno*), had seldom been absent from us. *Bruno*, I have said, regarded him as a brother; and it was he whom he had sent to bring me back on the arrival of *Ferdinand*. *Bruno* had presented this old negro to both *Otourou* and I on his return from his unsuccessful search; and now he was present with us, and this good man seemed to feel all our sorrows. The absence of *Bruno* confounded him still more than it did us; and I besought him to go to his house, and see if he could gain any tidings concerning him.

The old negro soon returned, but with no intelligence of *Bruno*; he had not appeared, and every one in his house was vainly conjecturing what was become of him.

We must die then without seeing him, said I with grief. *Ferdinand*, carry him my last adieu. It had been more soothing to me to have embraced him; but this sacrifice, too, must be made.

Night arrived, and the jailors entered to inform our friends that it was time to withdraw. I called together all my powers for this last farewell. I did not doubt, indeed, but they would come to see us in the morning; and wished to spare them the anguish of a formal separation. I took the hands of *Honor* and *Ferdinand*, and pressed them to my heart. The silence of grief reigned over us; I withdrew a moment to recollect myself.

Ottou tendered his arms to them, and they embraced him with compassion, yet with more admiration. Ah! thought I, this dreadful silence cannot be endured! My friend, I cried, casting myself at their feet, to-morrow the idea of death may not leave me master of myself. My mind is yet collected—let me not lose the last, the dearest of your benefactions. I am at your knees; you are the parents which your religion—my religion—has given me. I am your friend—your son—give me your benedictions—

I could

I could not conclude. My heart dissolved into tears. Alas, cried they, dear and unfortunate *Itanoko*! Our benedictions shall ever accompany you. I am content, said I. Shall I again embrace you?—Thus then: the last time—My soul will not endure more—Adieu—Adieu for ever!

I made a sign to the jailors. They separated us. I turned my head. They left the prison.

The moment which succeeded froze my faculties. I thought my blood would have ceased to warm my heart. An universal trembling followed; I felt all but the shock of death.

The good old negro had obtained permission to pass the night with us. When the jailors came to fasten the door of our apartment, I said to them: you have seen that I bade a last farewell to my friends. Their love will lead them back to-morrow: do not suffer them to approach us. You will spare them a mournful spectacle; and you will give tranquillity to our last moments. They promised to comply with my request.

Quarou retired with the old negro into the neighbouring chamber; and, as I heard them converse in a low voice, I

would not interrupt them, but threw myself on the earth and remained some hours prostrate before the God of mercy. He compassionated my weakness. His goodness penetrated into my heart. He dried up all my tears. I arose confiding in his mercy, in his justice.

Toward midnight, I felt myself strongly solicited by sleep. I softly approached the door of the chamber. It was open. *Otourou* was on his bed, and seemed earnestly engaged in listening to the old man who, on his knees, before him, seemed eagerly to address him. I withdrew and threw myself into a chair to take some repose.

My eyes closed for some minutes, but it was rather a species of weakness than of sleep. The bell sounded one: I shuddered. Eloquent and terrible hour! said I. Funeral forerunner of our departure!

I again essayed to repose, when I thought I heard some noise. In the stillness of night the slightest sound is swiftly seized by attentive grief. I listened, and soon distinguished the distant grating of bolts. One unfortunate being more! said I. The noise hastily approached. It came to our door. Ignorant

norant of the hour that was to be our last, I thought they came to lead us to execution.—“Now my soul!—Come then:—I am ready!”

I stepped into the chamber to inform *Otourou*. He had heard the noise, and had risen to join me. Our door opens—A woman enters—shrieks—

It is *Honorio*. Live!—Live! my friends! Come, said *Ferdinand*; come, and see your deliverer! He seizes my arm; hurries me along; runs; I raise my eyes: it is *Bruno*.

Age enfeebled his steps. They had advanced and gained the room before him. *Otourou* and I fell at his feet. Oh my father! my father! cried each of us. He has rendered life to us all! said our friends. My children, said he to us, it is too much—moderate your transports. He bent over us. He tendered his hands. Oh my children! oh my friends! said he, join with me to praise our God. He raised his trembling arms to Heaven—

“Protector of the unfortunate! Sovereign Being! Thou seest thy work! they live: let them increase in virtue, and I am recompensed!”

Scarcely

Scarcely had he finished, when *Otouriou* arose and sprang from us in an instant. He returned. It was the good old negro whom he led by the hand. Behold! said *Bruno*, embracing him—Behold the price of all your kindness to me! I restore——

Itanoko, cried *Otouriou*, I had the happiness of partaking your sufferings with you; partake of my joy! Embrace the father of your friend!

“Your father! And have you hid him from me?”——“Oh my friend! Did you not suffer enough?”——“But how?”——

You shall know all, said the father of *Otouriou*; but our present moments are due to *Bruno*. We will not take any thing from gratitude.

We surrounded the worthy old *Bruno*. We carried him as in triumph, to our apartment. We placed him in a chair. We arranged ourselves around him. Our jailors affected, astonished, could not quit us. They could not leave the moving scene. Fierceness had fled from their countenance; and admiration had taken its place. What a spectacle! Come blind pride! and compare your pleasures with those of *Bruno*!

My

My friends, said he, I understand you. You burn to know—but permit me a moment—Let my heart revel in this inebriating delight! He looked some moments on the interesting groupe. His lips trembled, his bosom heaved—The tears which furrowed his cheeks, the fire of his eyes, the involuntary emotion of his limbs, all painted his enthusiasm—all attested the felicity of a beneficent man; in fine, he looked up with an eye of gratitude toward heaven. And now we prepared.

Formerly, said he, less infirm, I from time to time visited the mountains (2) which separate us from the Spanish inhabitants of this island, to soften the miseries of the unfortunate negroes, whom the inconstancy or rather the cruelty of their masters have forced to fly to that shelter. They all knew me; I carried them some little succours, and that which was of more value to them the word of a compassionate God. My presence used to produce joy amongst them; and they would assemble around me; and I was wont to return content with having been able to solace them with at least one day of happiness.

During

During I

During the two last years, sickness and old age have suspended these visits, which were a great delight to me; and I had scarce a hope any more to see my poor negroes. It is five days since, that, quitting you at night contemplating your innocence and sufferings, I returned home lamenting the stroke under which you fell; and supplicating Heaven not to reject the cries of the oppressed. My mountain negroes presented themselves to my thoughts; and a suspicion struck into my mind which it was not possible for me to stifle, and which I received with all the certitude of conviction. I instantly arose, and prostrated myself; and day surprised me in that situation. It required little to make me ready; and, without communicating my intention to any one, I began my route. You will suppose I did not proceed very quickly, and I could not travel my fifteen leagues in less than two days. I had no difficulty in finding my poor friendless negroes, for I knew their usual retreats.

What my father, cried I, expose yourself alone, at your age! My friend, said he, there is no age which has not its vigour, when the will is roused. But attend—

I arrived

I arrived at the mountains, and met some of my negroes. They recollected, and embraced me. Ah, my father, my good father! Is it you! said they. We thought you dead. I was much fatigued. The mountain is rugged, and they took me in their arms, and carried me into a grotto, which served them as an asylum during the night. As it was cold, they kindled a fire, and I eat with them some wild roots, which they presented to me.

The report of my arrival was soon spread, and I saw them successively arrive till the number was about fifty, who lavished their grateful caresses on me. When I imagined I had no more to expect, I demanded if they thought that all their companions were present. One of them casting his eye around, said, yes: we are all here, I can assure thee, there are no more within five or six leagues. Then I fell on my knees; they followed my example, and we joined in prayer. Having besought God with a loud voice to bless them, to console, and not to abandon them, and all of them having added in concert that they pardoned the white people, I distributed

tributed the little succours which I brought them.

I afterwards sat myself down, and they placed themselves in a semicircle before me; and now I gave them a short exhortation adapted to their capacity and condition. This done, I spoke to them of the city, and led them insensibly to hear your history. They listened to me with that attention, that compassion, which the unfortunate man gives to other unfortunate men. During my recital, I anxiously observed their various looks. Two of them appeared to be particularly moved; but they were silent. Several of the others said: How! are they innocent, and must they die? Yes, alas! said I—nothing can save them but the confession of the two negroes, who were in truth guilty of the death of *M. Urban*.

One of those whose agitations I had noticed, said to me, good father, will you begin this story again? I should be very glad to hear it once more. I complied with this desire, and my suspicions being now fixed on these two, I gave a minute detail of the place, the time, and the circumstances of the assassination, so that they could not mistake them. When
I had

I had finished, I dwelt with earnestness on the chastisements which God had in reserve for the perpetrators of this deed, not only to punish them for the crime, but also to avenge the blood of the innocent. I had no fear of overcharging the picture, and perhaps my feelings made me eloquent. When I had given a little time to the operation of remorse, and I perceived I had struck them with terror, I passed suddenly to the recompenses which are attached to a voluntary confession. I painted to them, with tears in my eyes, the awful, dreadful Judge of nature disarmed by unfeigned repentance, and blotting the crime from existence. Ah, my friends! cried I, see the palm which one generous effort will obtain! Behold the peace and the honour of the guilty restored! And what price is too great to purchase peace of mind? But even this, my friends, does not bound the recompences of a munificent God. An eternity of happiness shall repay a momentary sacrifice!

Suddenly, he who had requested me to repeat the detail sprang from the ground and cried——Behold the hand which struck *Urban*!

I cried

I cried out aloud with extacy ; I arose, and threw myself on his neck. Ah, happy, happy mortal ! happy in exercising the greatest of virtues ! The other negro advanced ; and the whole assembly embraced them, congratulated their resolution, and thanked them as if each of them had been the friend of my *Itano-ko*, of my *Olorou*.

We had not forborn, said one of the two negroes, to have made the avowal sooner, had we known the danger to which innocence was exposed, by our deed. We inflicted vengeance : we were no assassins. We attacked *Urban* with arms in his hand. He took the advantage of our sleep, tore us from our country, and plunged us into slavery. Death awaits us. Well : we will endure it. Your God shall not deceive us. He exists since there are such men, as you, on the earth !

Ah, my friend, conceive you all the rapture which I felt in this moment ? I had saved your judges from a frightful deed of injustice ; I had saved you from death ; and I had led two souls to honour and virtue.

When the day appeared, the negroes pressed me to depart, and fly to the salvation

vation of innocence ; and the two unfortunate men were ready to accompany me. My children, said I, it belongs not to me to be your accuser. I have pointed out your duty. You shall have courage to perform it. Advance before me, and yourselves acquaint the judges with the whole fact. We will do all that, replied they ; but we will attend you. You are feeble and have need of assistance. It is the only good we can do to you. We now departed, and all the other negroes followed us as far as the fear of danger would permit. At length we must separate ; and they turned back heaping benedictions on me.

I cannot paint to you their last farewell to their comrades. It was the voice of nature disdaining a crime, and triumphing in an effort of virtue ! It was the national spirit that repulsed the members who disgraced them, and which caressed the heroes who constituted their glory !

The two negroes and I continued our route. Pardon, my friends, my worn out strength. It took me two days to perform my journey back. Alas the impatience of my heart made me suffer more than fatigue.

We

We arrived. They quitted me to attend the judge. On the way, I had not heard a single sigh from them, but they conversed calmly, and sometimes cheerfully, with me. Their countenance was serene, their heart without a murmur. I beheld in them the satisfaction of returning innocence and the triumph of virtue.

I passed some time at home to take a little repose and nourishment; then, ran to the judge. They were yet in his antichamber. When they saw me, they said—All is done, my good father. My tears flowed in spight of me, and I embraced them with affection, with veneration.

May Heaven recompense you, my children, said I; and I left them to enter the closet of the judge. You have prevailed, said he; your friends are saved. I presume that you wish to see them. Here is my order. It will open the prison to you, at any hour of the night; but, charitable old man, how have you accomplished this?

I could not but satisfy him; and I recounted to him all that you have heard.

This

This miracle was worthy of you, said he, respectfully taking my hand. But that which will surprize you most is, that the manes of *Urban* will go unrevengeed.

How ! said I. The truth, replied he, deposed by these two negroes, is sufficient to save the accused ; but it cannot be admitted to condemn themselves ; and there are no proofs against them. *Itanoko's* evidence cannot be received, even if he should recollect them, having been himself tried for the crime. There is then only their own confession ; and this confession is destroyed by an axiom of the law, which says : *Nemo perire vollet*. From the strange circumstances of this wonderful event, it happens that, even in their own confession, they find the recompense of an effort, just indeed—but painful to nature.

I quitted him and flew to *Ferdinand*. I found him with *Honorin*, both lost in mute anguish. I could only cry out, that you were saved ; and, without my giving any explanation, without their asking it, we ran here ; and I have the sweet delight of beholding your felicity in the very place where your sufferings have so often wounded my heart.

It

It will be easier to imagine, than describe, the sentiments by which we were all agitated. *Bruno* could not moderate our transports. *Otourou*, his father, *Ferdinand*, *Honorio*, and I, successively embraced him. We all spoke to him together: we gave him no time to answer any of us.

He would have gladly returned our caresses, partaken in our transports, but his heart could no longer withstand the pressure of so many delights.

Our friends gladly would have had us, instantly, quit our mournful abode, whose bare aspect recalled to them all that we had endured. But some formalities of the law must detain us yet four and twenty hours longer in the prison. We all needed rest; it was even necessary, to preserve our health.

Our friends, therefore, retired. How different this separation from that of the preceding evening!

The moment they were gone, *Otourou* folded me in his arms. Ah! I shall see your happiness completed, he cried. *Dumont* and *Amelia* will be restored to us. And I, in the bosom of my dear father, inseparably near you, witness of the virtues

tues of these amiable friends, I shall have nothing more to desire on the earth.

Oh my friend! I answered, if this moment had regarded myself alone, believe me I could have regarded it with some indifference; but to see you escape from a danger into which my friendship dragged you, to see you in the arms of your father, this is a felicity which cannot be supported with moderation. May your happy presage be realized! May the two persons, so dear to us, be united to us for ever!

But, continued I, let us talk of your father. What fortunate chance—I will not speak at present, interrupted *Otourou*, of the principal accidents of his life; they are connected with those of *Bruno*, and *Bruno* has promised a recital of them. Suffice it now to tell you, that having, at the age of five and twenty, been made a prisoner to the King of Galam, he saw himself separated, and that for ever, from my mother. He was fortunate enough to escape; but, at a distance from his country, having no knowledge of that in which he then was, he lost himself. A long time he wandered, ignorant of his course, and arrived, without any idea of where he now was, on the

the borders of the Red sea. Some Arabs surprised him in his sleep, seized him, conducted him to Constantinople, and sold him to the grand visier.

It was there, continued *Otourou*, that he was first known to *Bruno*, and they have never been separated since. You have been a witness of his attentive friendship from the time that we were brought into this dismal place. This was but at first the effect of his humanity. God has recompensed him, by adding to it a more tender sentiment. It is about five days since that he only was with me in my chamber, and I was ignorant of what prevented you from joining us. In one of these effusions, so frequent with the unfortunate, I named my mother, whom I had never seen. The name struck on his ear. Twenty times he made me repeat all I knew of the matter: then, yielding to the voice of nature, corroborated by circumstances which could not be mistaken, he caught me in his arms, and called me his son. Surprised, transported, already I ran to call you. My heart arrested me in my course: ah! said it—respect his feelings! this last stroke would be death to him! I then concealed it from you; and it is the

the only secret I have ever kept from my *Itanoko*.

Otourou continued: I leave you to judge of my father's extacy, his torments: what he enjoyed, and what he suffered!

And now *Otourou* and I separated, each of us to deliver ourselves to repose. I endeavoured, but in vain, to sleep. My bed refreshed me; but I could not close my eyes. Like seas which are agitated by storms, and whose waves yet bear the marks of the tempest long after a calm has spread through the surrounding air, my heart, in which so many sensations had been fiercely contending, was still impressed with the footsteps of their devastation.

Otourou slept profoundly. I banished tranquillity by running rapidly through the past. He enjoyed it by yielding only to the gentle sensations of the present. Happily too for him, he had escaped love: that terrible passion, which renders misery more poignant, and happiness sometimes insupportable! If *Otourou* had known how to pardon an injury, cheerful in the depth of misfortune as in the lap of joy, he had never experienced the torments of the heart: a thirst for ven-

geance was his only torture. Notwithstanding the happy events which now crowded upon him,—I knew *Otouro*—if *Theodore* had lived he would not have slept. *Theodore* was no more: he tasted all the delights of peace.

At noon, our friends came to call us. They had procured for us a more comfortable apartment, into which they conducted us. What a happy situation! We were as brethren whom storms had ship-wrecked and dispersed, and who have suddenly met after having despaired to see each other again. With our friends, was the good *Duménil*, who would not be denied the pleasure of accompanying them, and of beholding the most delightful scene that a delicate mind can enjoy. But what was my surprise to find the magistrate there who had interrogated me? I had only seen the judge: I now recognised the man.

We placed ourselves at table. Ah, how delicious the repast! Alas, long had our food been inundated with our tears! The purest joy, the most glowing friendship, made an ample reparation for all!

Our minds were relaxed, and a little event came, fortunately enough, to give us a moment's amusement.

The

The second service had just been brought in, when a servant informed the judge that a gentleman wished to speak with him. The magistrate would have stepped out for this purpose. No, said *Honoria*, you shall not take that trouble: let the gentleman enter—and she desired the servant to introduce him. We saw a young man elegantly dressed, who saluted the company with an air at once disdainful and polite. He then accosted the magistrate, who conducted him to the window to hear his business. We had replaced ourselves at the table from which we had risen to return his salutation. *Ferdinand* whispered to me, you have never seen one of those people, whom, in France, they call *Petit-Maitres*; this is one. He is from the country which is, by prescription, the model of fashion. I looked at him, and could not but smile. Never did I see attention so artfully divided. He gave an ear to the magistrate; a half shut eye to the rest of the company; one hand to the adjusting of his dress, and the other to the arrangement of his watch trinkets. His body did not cease a moment from action: he changed the position of his feet at every instant, to display, in succession,

the elegant shape of his shoe, the brilliancy of his buckles, and the charming turn of his leg. His business finished, he approached the table, talking of indifferent things to the magistrate. Faith, sir, said he in a half whisper, there is no company which the presence of a lady will not render agreeable; but, gallantry apart, it is a company somewhat mixed. You are, said the magistrate, surprised to find me here—is it not so? —“Not precisely—but”—“But, there are certain people, sir, to whom I should say—these are unfortunate men, and they would understand me. To you I will say, that the negro there (and he pointed to me) is the son of a great lord of his country, and the nephew of his sovereign. Come: join them, you will find them good company.”——“Oh, I have not doubted that a minute. High birth is seen with a glance. The happiest air—Sir (to me) I salute you. You will look at Paris without doubt. I shall set myself down for the honour of presenting you at court. But, how unfortunate I am! I have quite deranged the company! No ceremony—I fly!” He made an attentive bow to *Honoria*, gave a gracious smile to me, a sort of inflection
on

on of the body to the others, and disappeared in an instant. The judge took his seat, and we all laughed at the folly of this young man.

After dinner the magistrate quitted us with an assurance that we should be free the next day. Ah! said I to my friends, in the midst of you I did not think of liberty. I thought only of my bliss. Taste it, said *Bruno* to me, but as a wise man who relies not on its solidity. It flies almost in the moment that you have seized it. No one has experienced this more than I.

Ah, this is the instant, said I, to impart to us the story of your life. It cannot fail to be an instructive lesson. All joined their entreaties to mine. I consent; said *Bruno*: as it may, at least, serve to amuse you. It is a tissue of follies; but you will not be surprised, since it is the life of a man which I am about to relate.

Birth, riches, honours, pleasures, love; these are the objects of men's felicity! I was not an exception to the rule; they were mine; and you will perceive how fragile their base is.

I was born at Marseilles of a family rendered illustrious by a commerce of

seven hundred years, exercised without stain; a nobility less shining than that of heroes, but surely more useful, and whose title is not sullied with the tears of humanity.

My mother died in giving me birth; and, as I was the only fruit of their union, my father lavished the whole affections of his heart on me. Sufficiently rich, he quitted commerce, and turned all his attention to the care of my education.

Nature gave me a happy figure, the fiery character of my countrymen, their swift imagination, and all the ardour of their passions. I would not have spoken thus of my capacity, did I not think it a homage due to my fellow citizens: know, then, I was altogether a provençal; and that is to say much.

At the time of my birth our commerce with the Levant was on the decline. The mean abilities of the consuls distributed in the sea-ports there was supposed to be the cause. The chamber of commerce at Marseilles cast their eyes on my father, as a person capable of repairing the evil. Such an honour interfered with his views, but the love of his country rose superior to his private wishes.

He

He was appointed to the place of consul at Smyrna. The king confirmed the nomination, and he prepared for his departure.

Being too young to accompany him, my father committed me to the care of a beloved friend; and having taken every precaution which he thought would contribute to my happiness, he embarked for Smyrna.

My education was that of all the young men of my condition and fortune, that is to say, my talents were assiduously cultivated, and my morals neglected. They talked to me of virtue and religion, because they must talk of them; but they dwelt on my future riches, on the charms of my figure, and the honours which awaited me.

Thus had I false notions of every thing. I took reputation for virtue; enjoyment, for happiness; and glory for my only aim.

At eighteen I was entirely formed, and was the inhabitant of Marseilles; that is to say, I was sufficiently corrupted. My father was eager to see me: and the curiosity of youth and yet more the respect paid my father's rank, which I flattered myself to partake, met his

wishes. I was in haste to proceed to him. I departed, and was soon in his arms.

The novelty of every thing which was before my eyes, the honours which were paid me, the first impressions of filial affection, the pleasures, the luxury of our modes of life, these occupied all my delightful moments; and I passed six months if not happy at least imagining myself to be so.

One morning, carelessly walking without object or motive, I accidentally entered the place where slaves are exposed to sale. A beautiful and elegant woman struck my sight. Her profound grief made an impression on my mind, which I had never before felt. Forgetting her chains, I approached her with all the respect that suffering beauty can inspire, and all the ardour of a passion which is but just enkindled. I entered into conversation with her. She informed me, in bad French, that she was an Hungarian and a Christian; and that her name was W*** ki; that she had been unworthily taken away by a merchant whom she shewed to me; and that she now expected, in wretchedness and slavery,

slavery, the completion of her unhappy destiny.

Love embellished, in my eyes, the action which I was about to do, while I thought I listened only to the voice of religion and humanity. I accosted the merchant, and he offered me this slave for five hundred sequins. I gave him some money as earnest, and ran home to bring the remainder of the sum. I returned, and gave it to the merchant, led away the slave, and presented her to my father.

He had too much penetration not to perceive my motives, was too virtuous to tolerate my irregularities, but too weak to oppose himself to my pretended happiness. If this slave was of a distinguished family, as she herself had said, of pure manners, and of the same religion, why disdain ties which providence seemed to have formed? Was he not rich enough to be indifferent as to fortune; and ought not my happiness to be superior to all other considerations? It was thus that my good father reasoned. He wrote into Hungary. The intelligence which he received was to the advantage of *Elizabeth*; and she was no longer

longer regarded but as the woman destined to be my wife.

A profound dissimulation, a heart without principles but assuming all the appearance of virtue, an enormous ambition, all the arts of refined coquetry, these composed the character of *Elizabeth*. Such was the woman from whom I looked for the happiness of my life, and who was formed to be the torment of it.

I will not weary you with the detail of all that my passion employed to gain her love. Tyrannical in her caprices, she had the art to make me pass from uncertainty to despair, and from despair to hope. By turns haughty, gracious, cold, tender, I found myself after all my cares less certain of my fate than on the first day.

I had relied, for the success of my passion, more on my personal accomplishments than on the qualities of the heart, of which I knew not the advantages. The small-pox seized upon me, and in a few days I was at extremity.

Imagine my father's alarms. Every effort was made to save me. Art and paternal cares succeeded, and I was declared to be out of danger. But what was my condition! My face, formerly engaging,

engaging, now scarred and hideous; my hand, which formerly ran with rapidity and grace over the strings of the harp, now contracted by this fatal malady; and, my whole person horribly meagre! Behold the disgusting form which enclosed a heart that still burnt with love! Alas, I thought I had lost every thing which can merit the affection of a woman; and the happiness, which I placed in my personal attractions, passed away as a shade. I must now renounce, said I, the hope of being beloved; but the conduct of *Elizabeth* chased from my mind this terrifying idea.

Inexplicable woman! She lavished on me, in my malady, the tenderest attentions. On my recovery, she scarce ever quitted me. She appeared no way disgusted with my aspect, but looked on me with eyes full of tenderness. I ascribed this to her virtue, and thus she became more dear to me.

I had perfectly recovered, when the grand vizier, by order of the sultan, made a tour through the different cities of his empire, to rectify various abuses.

Ibrahim was an exalted man, a great minister, and the favourite of his master.

With

With a dignified person, he was good, magnificent, generous; possessed all that could engage the attention of women, and merit the esteem of men. He was no longer in his youth, but the character of his physiognomy had rather gained, than lost, by years. Alas! he is no more, and I cannot yet refuse tears to his memory!

He travelled with Asiatic pomp; and, every where, attended him the honours due to the second person of the empire. At Smyrna, the most superb entertainments were prepared for his amusements, and my father was assiduous to exceed all others as well by the delicacy as the sumptuousness of that which he gave him. Regulated agreeable to the French manner, it could not fail to be delicious to *Ibrahim*, both by the taste and the novelty of the scene. Women do not appear in Turkey at public festivals; my father graced his with all the European women at Smyrna, whose riches or beauty could give splendour to the entertainment.

Elizabeth was not forgotten: my love embellished her with all that luxury or art could add to her charms; and my self-

self-love congratulated itself, in secret, to behold her the queen of her rivals.

Ibrahim, no less affable than great, obligingly laying aside oriental austerity, mingled in the crowd at the ball; addressing himself with politeness to the women; conversed familiarly with the men; spoke to *Elizabeth*, (but without particularly distinguishing her from others); and did not withdraw till four in the morning: when he delicately assured my father that he placed a price on this entertainment superior to every other with which he had been honoured. I had my share in his attentions; and, the next day, he did not forget me in a magnificent present which he sent to my father.

He remained eight days longer at Smyrna, during which time I did not perceive the slightest difference in the conduct of *Elizabeth*. False, with immovable nerve, she preserved to the last the perfidious art which had ensnared me; and never had she caressed her benefactor, her deliverer, her lover, with such tenderness as in the moment in which she was about to abandon him to despair!

In the evening preceding the day appointed for *Ibrahim's* departure, my father

ther and I went to take our leave of him. He received us at his public audience. After the usual ceremonies, we retired, and I thought I had bade him an eternal adieu.

We returned to my father's house. *Elizabeth* was unusually chearful, and this evening was delicious to my soul. I wasted my heart in love; and, drunk with pleasure and happiness, I only quitted her to cast myself into the arms of sleep.

My sleep breathed the joy and tranquillity of my mind, and continued long beyond the usual hour of my rising. I awoke, I looked at my watch: it was near ten. None of my people had yet entered my chamber. I arose and went out, wondering at this negligence. I saw consternation on every visage. I questioned: they answered me with stutters, but without giving me any information. My first apprehensions respected my father; and I flew to his apartment. He seemed to expect me. Tears were in his eyes. He pressed me to his heart, remained some minutes without speaking; then he said, my son, this hour calls for a little firmness of mind: yet, what lose you? an object unworthy

thy of your cares! A despicable woman, undeserving the honour which you do her! Think no more of her! *Elizabeth* flies you—flies into the arms of *Ibrahim*!

Ah my friends! Ah *Honorio*, *Ferdinand*! You who know what love is—do you conceive my condition? No: how should you judge of the agony of tumultuous passion, by the purity of your own joy? Oh, what fearful thoughts succeed each other in the mind of a betrayed lover! Nature, honour, duty, reason, are lost in the whirlwind! Man becomes a tiger! he would devour the universe; he would devour himself!

My father had pity on my feelings. His ardent affection tried every means which he thought could calm my agitation. Love was stronger than he; and hope was still with me. I thought myself beloved, and imagined that force only had placed her in the power of my rival.

I wished to be informed of the particulars of this event; and, in despite of the proofs of *Elizabeth's* perfidy, such was my blind attachment, that I still believed her faith unstained.

My people had found the windows of her chamber open, and a ladder of silk attached

attached to the balcony. There was no trace of violence; no cries had been heard, to mark her resistance. It appeared that she had fled with the dress in which I had so much admired her, on the preceding evening. But, beside, she had taken nothing of all that my fond heart had lavished on her. So little suspicion had any one of her flight, that it would not have been perceived till the usual hour of her women's attendance in the morning, had not the visier (who departed at midnight to avoid the heat of the day) dispatched, when he was at the distance of three leagues from Smyrna, an aga with a letter addressed to me. It arrived about six in the morning. My father received it and read it. He believed it not, till convinced by flying to the apartment of *Elizabeth*: instantly he forbade any one to speak to me of it.

Cruel letter! whose words were written in blood on my heart: nor have ever been effaced from it! Hear what they were:—

“Young Christian,

Complain not of me; I have done you no wrong. It was for the happiness of man that the Omnipotent created this amiable sex, who are subjected
to

to our will. We ought to be their protectors, not their tyrants. He has given us strength, courage, and virtue: to them he has given the power of charming us, and the right of chusing a master. If *Elizabeth* has preferred me, you ought not to lament her loss, nor I applaud myself for the acquisition. Destiny has done all; and her choice was written in the book of life before her charms had appeared to our eyes. The universe is open before you. For one woman that you lose, you may find a thousand. Young, accomplished, shew yourself, you will see them at your feet. It is our's to love them: it is theirs to seek us. I send two thousand sequins. It is your property which I render you, and not the price of this slave: she is inestimable. May the right arm of the sovereign Author of all, the puissant Mahomet, shed upon you the perfume of his favours! Adieu!

“IBRAHIM, Vizier.”

The traitor! cried I: his despicable gold shall serve my vengeance! I will follow the villain. I will perish, or tear my unfortunate lover from his arms. My father, terrified by this rash idea, opposed it with paternal firmness. A
deep

deep melancholy seized me; a burning fever succeeded; and I was at the gates of death. He saw himself, at length, reduced to the necessity of sacrificing my life, or of yielding to the wildest design which could enter into the mind of man. He consulted my physician, who declared that my recovery depended absolutely on his compliance, and besought him to sacrifice prudence to his paternal tenderness.

My father flattered himself that the time which my recovery would require, would so long delay my departure, that some happy circumstance might arise which would lead to a wiser resolution; and formally gave his consent to my enterprise. But love, jealousy, revenge, wrought miracles. Before the end of a month, my strength was restored; and, a barbarous son, as well as a delirious lover—I abandoned a weeping father to pursue an unfaithful mistress.

In order to be less liable to suspicion, I assumed the Mahometan dress and manners; and, during an abode of two years at Smyrna, I had perfectly acquired the Turkish language. My unfortunate father, closing his eyes on my ingratitude—shall I say—forgetting his
own

own duty, procured a commodious vessel for me, and furnished me with recommendations, and considerable sums of money; the only means, in his power, of lessening the danger to which I was exposing myself.

He conjured me to listen to the voice of prudence, and to be careful of myself, for his sake. He gave me his benediction; and delivered me to my destiny, with the bitterest tears. Accompanied by two faithful slaves, I embarked with a favourable wind, and was soon far from Smyrna.

It is not from a man devoured by a profound passion that an account of the beauties of nature are to be expected. I saw with indifference, or rather, I saw not at all, the enchanting spectacle of the isles of the Archipelago. These smiling coasts, on which the ancient Grecians erected the temple of voluptuousness; their delicious views, the incense of their enamelled valleys, of their forests of myrtles and roses, the pureness of their unstained skies, moved not my senses! My heart, my soul, my mind, knew only *Elizabeth*!

At length, without my perceiving it, we approached that superb city Constantinople

tinople—the eternal monument of the folly of *Constantine*! A Prince whom we have named great, and who was so truly little. A mortal whose weak mind was the cause of a world of misery, and whose tomb is sanctified by religion, while his memory justly claims the disdain of posterity.

When man abandons himself to his passions, continued *Bruno*, they treat him with the most capricious tyranny. While my vessel hastened towards Constantinople I had no wish but to arrive there; every thing that was to accomplish my wishes appeared easy. Behold me at Constantinople; and see new inquietudes harass my soul! It was only in finding myself so near *Elizabeth* that difficulties presented themselves to my thoughts.

How was I now to act? The Harams of the Turks are almost inaccessible. The apartment of their women, eternally shut up, threatens a swift death to the audacious stranger who dares to enter within their doors. Yet, I must brave this danger or renounce the hopes which had already cost me so much.

I passed for a merchant of Aleppo; and, in that character, I gained admittance

tance into the palace of the vizier; but I did not dare to present myself in his presence; I feared his observations; and only wished to gain the attention of his people, that amongst them I might find some one who would suit my purposes.

The man whose designs are criminal thinks only of unjust means; and to corrupt some of the vizier's servants was that which offered itself to my mind. I therefore attempted to gain some of them by profuse presents; but confidence was a delicate affair, and I dared not give it to any of them. The first torment of the seducer is to mistrust those whom he has corrupted.

Among the number of the domestics I had distinguished a negro, who was yet young. It was the father of *Otourou*. The frankness of his manner, a certain air which his condition could not conceal, and which expressed vigour of character, but yet more than all the rest, the difference of his religion which prevented the Mahomet name from being the object of his veneration, persuaded me that I had now encountered a man proper to second my enterprize. I thought I did not mistake his sentiments with regard to me; I believed

believed that friendship inspired them, and yet was I still silent.

One day, he said to me: You fill me with benefactions. How have I deserved them? Be sincere: your gifts are the anticipated price of a secret which I see weighs you down. If I am not worthy of your confidence, why do you pay me as if you had already honoured me with it? If I merit your confidence, why do you withhold from me the power of acquitting myself by serving you? Chuse then: take back your presents if you will be silent; speak if you wish that I should keep them (3).

This discourse determined me; and he knew all. The design, said he, is daring, but the execution is not impossible. Are you beloved by *Elizabeth*? The question laid my proud mind in the dust. What should I say to him? Alas! I answered, with an embarrassed air, I have sometimes thought so, but—But I believe, said he, that you are not beloved. The countenance of *Elizabeth* speaks only happiness. Being no Mussulman, I have the superintendence of the vizier's wine cellars. My office requires secrecy. You know the Mahometan law. This is sufficient to shew you the confidence which
he

he places in me. To that am I indebted for the privilege of approaching *Elizabeth*; and I am the only man to whom this privilege is allowed. At present, the first among her rivals, she possesses his heart most absolutely; and, if I do not mistake the character of love, he is not without an interest in her mind. Is not this sufficient to cure your passion?

Ah! answered I, do you count for nothing the pleasure of vengeance? If the business is to slay Ibrahim, said he, you have mistaken me. I will serve you, but not by a crime. Ah! let him live, cried I. And let me regain *Elizabeth*! That is another affair, said he: I have no objection to take a woman from a man who possesses two hundred. You have foreseen the dangers of the undertaking; you brave them; your love shall not want my assistance. Rely on me: prepare every thing for your flight; and be ready; in two days, when the minarets shall in the evening call the people to the mosque, I will pass your lodging; follow me without fear; but, above all, ask not a question. I hazard more than you, therefore leave yourself to my governance. I ask only to fly with you and be your friend. I promised him
eternal

eternal friendship. I embraced him, and he quitted me.

Without wishing it, he had wounded my mind. I could no longer doubt the perfidy of my unworthy mistress. I was on the point of renouncing her for ever, but jealousy, that odious monster, stepped in between me and my resolution.

Though I have not been able to excite her love, at least I will enjoy her torments, said I. By tearing her from the object of her wishes, I shall repay all the evils she has made me suffer. I shall behold them; and this spectacle, while it gluts my vengeance, shall cure me of a delirious passion. By one stroke, I shall have punished the perfidious *Elizabeth* and the villain who has seduced her from me.

I ran to my vessel and gave my orders. I placed, in a convenient situation, a shallop with ten able rowers whom I forbid to leave the spot till they should see me return; and, to allow them no pretext, I distributed provisions among them in abundance. My design was that they should receive us and row with their utmost speed to the vessel. There my people were prepared to cut the cable: to set sail, and hurry to sea with my prey,

prey, long before *Ibrahim* should have discovered her absence.

Relieved from these cares, but not from inquietude, I returned to the caravanera. Nothing that I ever knew most horrible approaches the trouble I experienced during the two days which preceded the return of the negro ; rage, terror, jealousy, regrets, bitterness, love, hatred, vengeance, despair ; these were the frightful sensations which agitated my heart ! Sometimes, my father returned to my memory ; I recollected his tenderness, his tears, his forsaken old age, his virtues, worthy of a better fate, my weakness, my ingratitude : and I sobbed aloud. I was on the point of quitting all to fly into his arms ; but, suddenly, the image of the happy *Ibrahim* at the feet of *Elizabeth*, stifled the weak cry of reason, and I relapsed into the depth of frenzy.

The fatal hour arrived ; it shall be executed, I cried ; I will see her, or death shall prevent me. I descended to the gate of the street, and was not long there before I saw the negro appear. He passed before me in silence, without even turning his eye toward me, and I followed him.

The involuntary agitation which must be experienced on the eve of so imminent a danger, my anxiety, confiding as I did in a man whom I scarcely knew, doubled the weariness of my way. It was long. We ran through a croud of streets without a single word uttered by either. He preceded me some paces; and no one would have suspected that we had any knowledge of each other.

At length, we arrived in a solitary quarter of the city. My guide pursued the course of a high wall, in which, at regular distances, were small holes with iron bars, made to admit the air and day-light within: they were a little raised above the pavement. When we had proceeded about three hundred paces, the negro stood still. He examined if no one observed us; the street was deserted, and the night extremely dark. Instantaneously he stooped down, opened one of the gratings, glided into the opening, and disappeared. The suddenness of my surprise made me hesitate; but I had gone too far to recede, and I imitated him. When my body had slid downward a little way, my feet encountered a ladder, which seemed to be prepared for my descent. The negro received me
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in his arms, replaced the grating; then ran to bring a dark lanthorn which he had deposited in a corner. He took the light out of the lanthorn, and I saw that we had descended into a vast vault. See, said he, one difficult step is taken; may the same success accompany us to the end!

The delight which was painted on his visage, and the care which he had taken to render this asylum supportable, during the time that I should be compelled to remain there, left in my mind no doubt respecting his fidelity.

Inestimable friend, said I, embracing him; what can have induced you to do so much for me? Two motives, answered he, which can do every thing with a negro: compassion and the love of liberty. You have interested me in your behalf. I love you; and since I have chosen you as my friend, I shall be attached to you till death. It is thus that we think. We serve those that are indifferent to us through complaisance, and our friends through duty. To shed tears and again embrace him was my only answer. He understood me.

He had prepared a bed for my repose between two tuns of wine; and I found

every species of convenience, and every sort of delicacy and luxury which friendship could assemble together in this place.

Deign, said he, to be contented with your situation here; I am yet ignorant of the instant in which we may consummate our design; but it will arrive, and it shall be my duty to seize upon it. Till then, patience. You are here; that is what I have ardently wished. You might remain here whole years undiscovered; for I have the sole direction of this place; therefore, be tranquil; as often as I can, I will come and see you. You will, undoubtedly, find much weariness; but you must, by some sacrifice, pay for the pleasure which you promise yourself. Adieu! I must quit you. This is the hour in which *Ibrahim*, in the midst of his women, will expect my attendance. For our common interest, I would not give him occasion to send for me. If you take my advice you will, in a little time, extinguish your light; the Janissaries, who patrol the street during the night, might perceive it; and, surprised with so uncommon a circumstance, give the alarm and bring ruin upon you. But time presses me.

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He bade me farewell, and went out by a gate in the wall, opposite to that by which we had entered. I followed him with my ears. I heard him successfully shut many gates; and as, in proportion as he retired, the sound seemed to be further above me, I judged that the vizier's palace must be prodigiously more elevated than the place in which I was.

When I was alone, I sat down an instant to permit my agitation to subside, and I imagined I was surely in a dream. Having somewhat recovered myself, I thought of extinguishing the light; but I wished, first, to know what sort of place I now inhabited.

It was superb and every way worthy of the riches and majestic state of its master. It was rather a magnificent gallery than a cellar for the mere reception of wines. Walls and pillars of the most beautiful marble supported an elevated vault, built in a charming style of architecture and embellished with the most exquisite sculpture. A delicate and shining gravel preserved a salubrious coolness in this species of temple, consecrated to Bacchus. More than five hundred tons, ranged along the walls, re-

posed upon stands made of cedar and mahogany. Prodigious hoops of brass held enchained, in these vessels, the fugitive liquor, whose age and name was graven on enamelled labels. At a considerable distance I found a railing, whose bars, made of silver, running the whole length of the place and extending to the cieling, divided the gallery into two parts. It was fastened; and not being able to penetrate further, I endeavoured to throw the rays of my light as much as I could on the objects within the railing. My dazzled eye could scarcely sustain the splendour of the spectacle. Hundreds of crystal vases, ranged in an amphitheatre on steps of ebony, which extended from the floor to the cieling, darted upon my sight the brilliant reflections of the various coloured liquors which each contained. Such was this enchanted place!

Prudence warned me to abandon a scene whose unexpected sight had given some truce to my griefs. I regained my retreat; and, having taken some light nourishment, I extinguished my light and laid myself on my bed.

The silence which pervaded all around me, the violence with which my mind
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had been long agitated, and the succeeding hope which my negro friend had raised in my soul, recalled sleep to my eye-lids from which it had fled as if never to return. But I was only permitted to taste tranquillity, and soon was I to pay for the rashness of my conduct by the cruellest alarms.

My sleep was not sufficiently sound to be proof against the slightest noise. At midnight I was awakened by the opening of some distant gates. I listened. The noise appeared to me to proceed from that part by which the negro went away when he quitted me. I thought at first it was himself; and that he was come to pass some moments with me. The noise becoming more and more distinct, I did not doubt but some one approached the place where I was. At length a gate opened in the vault; but it was not that by which my friend went out. In a moment, the vault was illuminated by a number of torches; and I heard the tumultuous cries of a multitude of men and women. Despair instantly seized my soul.

It was not long before laughter, the sounds of joy, and the wanton language of both sexes, convinced me that it was

the love of pleasure which conducted these guests to this retired scene. I heard them boast of the address with which they had stolen the keys from *Os-myn* (that was the name of my negro), while they praised him whose cunning had imitated them, promising themselves often to enjoy the fruit of their artifice.

I now saw that my neighbours were the vizier's slaves, who came here to indemnify themselves in secret for the rigorous constraint to which their days were condemned. Till then, my breath was almost suppressed with fear; but danger soon becomes familiar. When I saw that they did not approach nearer me, I took courage; and, gliding softly to the extremity of the tuns which formed my retreat, I endeavoured to distinguish the number of these intruders on my asylum.

I immediately saw that they were in the other part of the gallery, and that the railing separated us. This discovery confirmed my courage, and I flattered myself that I should escape without any further fright.

There appeared about fifteen of them. They had extended a large carpet on the floor,

floor, and had covered it with a profusion of provisions of every sort. The liberty which the place gave them having banished the Mahometan etiquette, they delivered themselves to the pleasures of the table, where love presided, and where the liquor of the vizier was not spared.

I leave you to imagine the excesses of these nocturnal orgies, and I return to my own alarms. These had subsided; but a new thought roused them in an instant. I recollected the Janissaries of which *Osmyn* had spoken; and if the light of a single taper had appeared to him to be feared, how dreadful must be my apprehensions from such a number of flambeaux!

This reflection struck me to such a degree, that I was on the point of replacing the ladder, of opening the grate, and of saving myself by flight: and, perhaps, I should have done so if the fear of what I might encounter on opening it, or afterwards in the streets of Constantinople at such an hour, had not subdued that of a danger which a little good fortune might enable me to shun. Beside, the time advanced; another hour per-

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haps, and the returning sun would chase away my dangerous neighbours.

To say the truth, my friend, it was but just that I should swallow, as a punishment for my guilt, to the very dregs, the bitter poison which I had been industrious to seek.

I expected, with some degree of patience, the end of these revels which gave delight to every inhabitant of this vault but myself. Situated as I was, no part of their discourse could escape my observation; and, notwithstanding the anguish which I sometimes felt, I was at others, compelled to smile at the follies of their drunken riot. One of the women, who had risen and who was wantonly dancing on the floor, suddenly cried out, *Mahmud*, I would drink some wine of Schiras! bring me some, slave! One of them immediately rose and carefully examined all the cristal vases. *Mahmud* remained a long time in searching for the wine. This woman became impatient; and cried, well, cursed slave, hast thou found it? it becomes thee well to keep such a woman as I am, waiting upon thy dulness! Faith, answered he, though you were the favourite Sultana I could not be in greater haste to serve you; but I see none. It is the wine in thy
head

head that prevents thee, said another woman, why drew near to the railing. Come here, booby. Stay! observe: do you see those tuns which extend almost out of sight? think you there is no wine of Schiras among all those? I trembled with apprehension. I see the tuns excellently well, cried the man, but I see still more clearly this railing; of which we have no key. Here, *Zamet*, cried the woman, send us your keys. We shall find one, perhaps, which will open this gate. She ran herself to bring them, and gave them to *Mahmud*.

Now my destruction appeared to be inevitable. What could I expect from slaves intoxicated with wine, who, in the terror of finding themselves surprised, would have probably sacrificed me to preserve themselves from chastisement which they might otherwise dread? If I should undertake to defend myself, how could I hope to overcome fifteen persons who, irritated by my resistance, would have still further motives to destroy me. It is difficult to imagine a situation more critical.

While I made these reflections, the fatal keys were tried, and God knows the ardent wishes which I offered up for their inutility. They put one into the lock;
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it turned; the gate rolled upon its hinges; and all the troop shouted to see the success, which to me appeared to be the signal of my death. I had scarcely strength to withdraw into my retreat, where I was compelled to wait the end of my unhappy fate.

By an almost miraculous instance of fortune, curiosity did not lead this bacchanalian crew into the vault in which I was. *Mahmud* alone entered; and with a flambeau in his hand, he began to review the tuns within a few paces of me. He read, in a loud voice, the label fixed to each vessel; and every name which was not that of Schiras augmented my terrors. I saw death advancing slowly upon me. and had time to contemplate all its horrors. At length he approached near to my retreat; already I heard the sound of his respiration; already the light of his flambeau would have discovered me to his eyes had they not been intently fixed on the vessels. That which he now looked upon was but the third from me. With a cry of exultation he shouted, Victory! Schiras!

Schiras—This same Schiras, which had appeared to be the warrant of my death was now the reprieve which restored me to life. *Mahmud* pierced the tun; filled

filled a vase which he held in his hand; and returned, in triumph, to rejoin his comrades.

My danger was still great, since the gate of the partition was yet open; but, in such a situation, the least delay has almost all the charms of entire security. You will imagine how long this night appeared to me. I counted the moments, while the hours passed but as a dream with these enemies with which I was surrounded.

Often did I look up to the grating, by which I entered, to watch for the first rays of the day. At length, they came in mercy to my sufferings, while the riotous group certainly yet thought them afar off. Shortly after, the Imans, from the height of their towers, summoned the people to prayers. It was a thunderstroke for the slaves. They fled without reflection; and, in their confusion, left open the gate; forgot the remainder of their repast; and, while the gates shut rapidly in succession, hope returned into my soul.

What a night! what a situation! Ah! if man would calculate what the passions cost him, if he could but behold in a mirror all the evils which are caused by every irregular wish that he eagerly embraces,

ces, and which promises him nothing but pleasure, he would recede with terror from the mere aspect of the chimerical happiness which results from all that is not virtue.

When I was assured that the slaves were entirely withdrawn, I arose and contemplated the condition in which they had left the vault; and I viewed, with a sort of gratitude, the vases which they had emptied, and whose friendly vapours had hid my retreat from their eyes. However, the terror of the last five hours had wasted my strength; my courage suddenly failed me; my knees bended beneath my weight; and I sunk upon the floor. With a trembling hand I filled a gilded cup with some Hungarian wine which stood near me, and emptied it at one draught. Its balsamic heat animated my spirits. I repeated the draught. A swift and subtile fire spread through my veins. I arose with strength and courage. I regained my asylum, where fatigue and the effects of Tokay plunged me into a profound sleep.

It continued the whole day, and some light and pleasant dreams embellished this interval of repose. I thought that I saw myself at the feet of *Elizabeth*; and that *Ibrahim*, with his generous hand, crown-

crowned our constant flame. Deceitful visions! You are born to console, to laugh at, to betray us!

I was forcibly roused from this felicity; it was *Osmyn* who called me. His presence delighted my soul, and I embraced him with gratitude. How! So late? said he. Do you sleep still, and the day nearly finished? Ah! said I, if you knew the cruel night which I have passed, you would be less astonished. Then I recounted to him what had happened, and I saw him tremble at the bare recital of my peril: he assured himself of the disorder by his eyes. Well, said he, the evil is light, since they have not seen you. Let us talk of something better. This is the instant to try your courage. Is it yet proof against all hazard? Yes: I answered, with rapture. You may rely on me. Then, added he, in some hours *Elizabeth* is in your power, or we shall both perish. Ah! too generous friend, cried I, is it possible? Inform me—Never was occasion more charming, returned he. The sultan gives an entertainment. He is young. It will last the whole night. It is the custom. The vizier has just departed for the seraglio. None of the great officers of the empire dares to withdraw, while the

the grand seignior is present. Such is the etiquette. The absence of *Ibrahim* will permit all the slaves of his house to abandon themselves to repose; at midnight the palace will be a desert. I know all the avenues, all the apartments of it. You and I will ascend to the chamber of *Elizabeth*. Her orders are given: she will then be alone; her women will be gone to rest. I will conduct you to her bed; if fear does not stifle her voice, an handkerchief will assist you. We are strong, we will force her away, and bring her here. We will take our flight by this same grating, and the winds and waves shall have borne us far from the shore, before any one shall suspect the deed.

Then, I abandon myself to your direction, said I; fortune, which has hitherto served me so well, will not now be faithless to me. We shall succeed: my courage tells me so.

He quitted me no more; and waiting for the time fit for our purpose, we supped together. During these few hours that I passed with *Osmyr*, I felt more than ever, the firmness of his mind and the goodness of his heart. We know not, said he, among other things, in what situation we may soon be. But
what-

whatever happens, do not name the fault which these slaves have committed this last night. Death would be the consequence of their imprudence. If we are unfortunate, at least let not our ruin be fatal to any one. I felt as he did ; and I made him a promise.

In fine, the hour—shall I say fearful ? yes: for the bravest man is not exempt from emotion at the aspect of such danger; it is courage to feel this emotion, and subdue it—in fine, the bell sounded the fearful, the ardently expected hour ! Let us embrace, said *Osmyn*. We go—perhaps to death ! Come. I trembled.

We mounted slowly, with the aid of a light that he had still kept burning, by some stairs which led to the apartments of the palace. *Osmyn* left all the gates open behind us, that nothing might retard our flight. When we had traversed the subterraneous places, and we were ready to mount the last steps, which would introduce us into the palace, he extinguished the taper, and placing me on his right, and taking my hand, let us proceed with firmness, said he, in a low voice. Another quarter of an hour, and all is done.

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We entered. The carpets which covered the whole of the floor aided the mystery of our steps. The apartments in Turkey being divided only by curtains, we had not to fear the noise of doors turning on their hinges, as would have been the inevitable case every where else. I will not describe the multitude of turnings which we made, nor the prodigious number of apartments through which we passed; perhaps impatience, fear, and the obscurity of night, rendered them more numerous to me.

We arrived, after some time, at the entrance of an anti-chamber. Let us take breath, whispered my conductor. We have only this room to pass, and we are at that of *Elizabeth*. At present, follow close upon my steps; and beware of treading a hair's breadth aside! This is now the only danger we have to shun; but we shall not return by this way. We paused a minute; then he said to me: let us proceed, and we entered.

I may say, I made but one body with him. My feet replaced his. After a step or two, I thought I heard a loud respiration of several persons who slept. A sudden apprehension made me start involuntarily,

involuntarily to one side. My feet were embarrassed with something. I fell: and I felt under my hand the body of a man, who seemed, notwithstanding my fall, to be profoundly asleep. But suddenly a voice, which penetrated my ear like thunder, cried, Who is there? The slave who goes the rounds, answered *Osmyn*, coldly, and aiding me to arise; I have fallen, that's all. The voice said not a word more. We advanced, and were in an instant at the entrance of *Elizabeth's* chamber. We are safe, said *Osmyn*, in a low voice. This is the room.

We are in haste. He raises the curtains. We enter: Ah God! A multitude of flambeaux dazzled my sight! I see a numerous guard ranged in a semicircle, whose naked scymetres glisten in my eyes! *Ibrahim* at the feet of *Elizabeth*, who, reclining on a sofa, listens to his sighs! To cry out, traitor, you have betrayed me, to draw my poignard, to raise it, to strike it into *Osmyn's* bosom, to extend him at my feet, was all done with the swiftness of thought. I was about to strike myself; the guards stay my fatal arm, and awful silence succeeds to the terror of the scene.

Ibrahim

Ibrahim advanced with his scymeter in his hand, unquestionably to immolate me to his wrath. He looked at me; recollected me; recoiled; then considered me some moments; and, without addressing a single word to me, he whispered to an officer of his guards, and afterwards said, with a loud voice: Obey, lead him away.

Fury and despair had now wasted the strength which a few minutes of flattering hope had given me. I followed my guards with trembling steps; and without the aid of the officer I should not have been able to proceed. They lead me to death. "Alas! I wish it. I have lost every thing!"

I was conducted into an apartment superbly furnished. The officer ranged the guards at the entrance, and invited me to place myself on a rich sofa. I obeyed, without a sense of what I did. He placed himself beside me. Yet seeing the paleness of my countenance, the dejection of my eyes, the tremulation of all my limbs, and fearing that I should faint, he took a liquor in use among the Turks, which they name sherbet, and pouring it, with some precious balm, into a cup of porcelaine, he presented it to

to me. I gently put it away from me. Recollect, said he, with a kind of goodness, that you are my captive, and that you ought to obey me. I took the cup. I swallowed the draught. My strength returned; and, with it, the sentiment of all my evils.

Thou didst also return, Oh, remembrance of my God! Thou, oh God! whom I had so cruelly forgotten since my infancy. Ah, thou didst wait till this chimerical felicity which I worshipped should be dissipated, as a wafting cloud, to present thyself to my view!

See then, said I, turning my eyes inward to myself, to what have tended all my cares? All my sacrifices? Since I met with this fatal *Elizabeth*, have I tasted a single instant of serenity? Her first sight seemed to promise me happiness: since then, no day has been without vexation; no night without inquietude; no hour without bitterness. Was not this enough? Must to such misery be added the devouring fire of jealousy and revenge! I have quitted my home, my father, my too unfortunate father! Ingrate! I have outraged nature; and have placed my faith in a vile slave.

And

And for what purpose? To find death! See then this happiness: death! and if the God, of whom in my infancy I have heard—if this God exists—what have I to say in his presence? Fierce and vindictive as I am; the destroyer of the sentiments of nature; the corrupter of men's faith; in fine, their murderer! and have I a virtue to plead in my defence?

Oh, he exists! he abandons me in this extreme hour! The just expire, surrounded with his blessings.—All the universe must fly, even God must withdraw his sustaining presence, when the criminal dies!

May I not pray to him then? Where are the proofs of my sincerity? It is when all other means forsake me that I would prove my truth by turning to him? Ah, I have too much offended him! But, wretch that I am, do I measure his goodness instead of placing my reliance on it?

I threw myself on my knees. I raised my arms toward heaven. Oh God, cried I, still have I confidence in thee! Crush me not with all thy wrath! If I must die, give me courage, and I shall be ready. Thou hast seen my crimes.
Thou

Thou dost see my repentance. Accept it as the only expression of returning purity !

It seemed that a balm was shed into the wounds of my soul. A sweet joy, till then unknown to me through my life, animated my heart. In fine, what would I say to you, my friends ! I felt the truest happiness : the happiness of a virtuous wish.

The day surprised me in the midst of these reflections. All were still silent as to my fate. Neither the officer nor the guards had quitted me. They had been the witnesses of my emotions, and had not interrupted them.

Having recovered from the species of extacy in which I had been plunged, I perceived their presence, and I hazarded some questions. Do not interrogate me, said the officer with gentleness. I pity you, but I must not answer you. Expect every thing from my compassion ; but respect the secrets with which I am intrusted.

Then, changing the conversation, he said to me, you are more calm, and I am happy to perceive it. I now can recognise the man of courage. He endeavoured to amuse me too ; he would have engaged

engaged me to admire the magnificence of the place in which we sat. I was scarcely in a condition to be particularly attentive to the beauties of the apartment, yet I could not forbear to notice its extreme elegance, taste, and splendour.

It was the place in which *Ibrahim*, an accomplished man as well as an enlightened statesman, sometimes relieved himself from the cares of government. He had assembled every thing which luxurious nature produces; and we had at once under our eyes, the richest treasures of the earth and seas.

This saloon was on the ground floor. A vast door, made of a single plate of glass, displayed a garden entirely covered with a lattice of gold. In this delightful grove might be seen the rarest birds sporting amongst myrtles and orange trees; except when hunger called them to their food, or thirst to basins of purest alabaster. High fences of roses and jessamine surrounded the charming spot; and prevented intruding eyes from penetrating into its recess; and the white marble presented, as a contrast to the green walls, the elegant forms of chased vases and antique statues.

Magnifi-

Magnificence and wealth, said I, too usually the objects of men's desires and causes of their crimes, I see you here united! When men torment themselves to acquire you, let them take my place: they will know you better!

About the middle of the day we were served with refreshments. In vain did the officer press me to partake of them. I turned from the greatest delicacies again to view the aspect of death.

Some hours after, a slave came to call the officer. The least circumstance alarms at such moments. I regarded this absence as the forerunner of my eternal departure. I collected all my powers; and again, prostrating myself, I poured before my God the tears which flowed from my heart.

The officer re-entered. I arose: Follow me, said he; your time is come. I could not now any longer doubt my fate. Ah! what is the resolution of a guilty heart, when death is about to seize upon it! My enfeebled faculties failed me: a cloud extended itself over my eyes; my memory, my intelligence, all vanished! In fine, in this species of annihilation, I trod in the steps of my guards, without any consciousness of my being.

What was there which could recal my senses? it was a single word which, swift as the irresistible lightning, struck a spark into my soul; brought back the remembrance of what I had been; the recollection of what I now was.

It was the voice of a man who called me by the name which I bore at Smyrna. This name had not met my ear since the time that my passion led me to assume another. I opened my eyes. My guards had disappeared. I was alone with this man. I turned my looks upon him, yet obscured by the shades of death. A long pause ensued before my weakened memory informed me where I had seen him. Suddenly I recollected his features: it was *Ibrahim*.

Finish your vengeance! said I. What wait you? Strike!

This great man folded me in his arms. I felt his tears pouring down my forehead. My vengeance! said he. Ah! Why am I here? to pity your weaknesses, not to avenge myself of them. Live: be happy, if it be possible; and learn how a man may conquer himself.

He sat down, and made me sit beside him. His own hand deigned to present me a precious cordial. I felt new life
rush

rush upon me. At present, said *Ibrahim*, you owe me your confidence. If my friendship has not a right to demand that entire confidence, yet refuse it not to your deliverer. Tell me, who could inspire you with this design? Ah! cried I, do you not recognise love in this attempt? Jealous love! ferocious love! which no obstacle can withhold: no danger can affright!

I now felt some confidence, and recounted to him every thing that had passed since the fatal night in which *Elizabeth* fled from me. He listened with the most compassionate attention. When I had concluded, he said, Did you design to slay me? Had you purposed to sacrifice me to your jealousy? Ah! answered I, what do you demand? Do not press me. You know what love is. You know the crime it can inspire: Ah, save me from saying more!

Your frankness renders you more worthy of my esteem, said he. I will shew you what that esteem can do. He called some slaves. They entered, and he made them a sign. They went out, and immediately afterwards I saw them appear with *Elizabeth*. What do you? said I to the vizier. Oh, in pity remove

her from my sight! One moment—said he with a sigh. She must judge between us. Madam: he continued, addressing himself to *Elizabeth*, you see before you two men who adore you. He did every thing for you; he saved you from chains; he made his father your father; his house your asylum; he has defied death to regain you: these are his titles. Mine do not equal these. What are poor benefactions compared with such efforts? Consult your heart. If ambition, if the flattering attractions of one of the most exalted ranks of life have done violence to your tenderness, it is not too late to correct the error. You are free. I reserve to myself only the honour of building up your fortune. If, on the contrary, your mouth has been the organ of your sentiments, if I owe the happiness with which you have filled me only to the sincerity of your love, speak it with the same freedom; and, by the avowal, put an end to the torments of my young friend.

I will make the choice which you require of me, answered *Elizabeth*. I esteem you both; but one alone has my love. It is not without anguish that I wound the happiness of him whose
friendship

friendship alone would be precious to me. You are not deceived, *Ibrahim*. When I followed you, my heart spoke neither for you nor *Bruno*. My ambition did all. Nay, you shall know me entirely. If I had captivated the heart of the sultan, you never would have had any empire over my soul. But now——Pardon me, *Bruno*——But now, *Ibrahim* on the throne, *Ibrahim* in the dust, would still be the object of my affection. Behold! continued she, shewing me her infant in the arms of her woman: though you should blame my love, yet respect my duties!

Ah, God! cried I. *Ibrahim* tendered his hand to me. Alas! I was his rival, and this generous man filled me with the tenderest caresses and the gentlest consolations. I became ashamed to be so little before a man who had given me two such great examples of magnanimity. My pride was roused, and I wished to shew myself worthy of such a friend.

Never did I make any effort with such painful struggles; but in fine, I triumphed over myself. Now, said I to *Ibrahim*, I should blush to envy you a happiness which you merit better than

I, I even honour the choice of *Elizabeth*.

Elizabeth disappeared. Generous victory! said *Ibrahim*. You lose a lover, and I can only offer you the heart of a friend. Ah! cried I, embracing his knees, what man would not make the purchase with his blood? Farewel, exalted *Ibrahim*! Proud of your noble gift, ashamed to be unworthy of it, I go far from you, to bury the remembrance of crimes into which I have been drawn by an unfortunate passion. Banish this vain remorse, said he to me. You have committed no crime.—“No, *Ibrahim*? I abandoned my father.”—“In a little time you shall be in his arms.”—“And the blood of your negro slave—it cries for vengeance against me.” I saw *Ibrahim* smile. Be satisfied, said he. The excess of your fury unnerved your hands; scarcely have you wounded him. “Ah! what a weight do you remove from my heart? He was a traitor; but I would not have been his executioner.”—“You mistake; your suspicion was unjust. He was faithful to you.”—“How!”—“Chance alone deceived you both. A slight indisposition postponed the sultan’s entertainment. I usually

usually rise at three. It was near midnight when I was informed of the sultan's pleasure. The time appeared to me too short for repose, and I chose rather to give it to love. I visited *Elizabeth*, with the guards which attended me to the palace. She did not expect me; but I forbade her to awake her people, and my return was unknown to all except those around us."—"Ah! will you yet do me a favour, not unworthy of your other benefactions? Grant me the pardon of that slave. I use with pride the name of friend which you have given me, and offer an opportunity to exert your clemency. It is the first service which my friendship renders you."—"I grant his pardon, but he must change his master."—"Ah, who is so worthy to command him!"—"He who has saved his life. Take him. I submit to the laws which your friendship imposes on me: then, obey mine."

Such was *Ibrahim*. What I relate of him does but feebly paint his exalted mind.

He ordered that they should lead the slave into this apartment. The trembling *Osmyr* appeared in the midst of a numerous guard. I saw *Ibrahim* instantane-

ously assume the severe and dignified countenance with which he dictated laws to a vast empire. He commanded the slaves of his house to attend. You see, *Osmyn*, said he in a solemn tone—I could, by his torture, teach you how we can punish infidelity; but I have governed you rather by my affections, than by my passions. The fault of a slave alters not my principles. I pardon him. Learn, by his example, that God will not suffer treachery to be concealed; and that you ought to be faithful to a master who can punish, and knows how to forgive. Withdraw. You, *Osmyn*, remain.

When all were gone, again appearing with that affecting goodness which he had laid aside but for a moment, *Osmyn*, said he, I was but your master: you wished for a friend and liberty. I give a friend to you; let him give you liberty.

In vain will you attempt to imagine the joy, the transports of poor *Osmyn*. Respect could not restrain them. He embraced the knees of *Ibrahim*, sprang on my neck, laughed, wept, sung, forgot the vizier and the slave.

Ah,

Ah, said he to me, we are brothers! Together have we risen from death, I swear never to quit you.

He has faithfully preserved his word; and God has recompensed his tender friendship, by restoring his son to him.

I would have instantly departed to my father. My eyes were open to my criminal indifference as to a parent's happiness, and I became eager to expiate my guilt. But the gratitude which I owed to *Ibrahim* overcame my wishes, and made me yield to his unremitting solicitations, which intreated my presence for some weeks.

Entertainments, pleasures, amusements, solicited my attention; and *Ibrahim* spared no endeavour to subdue a sorrow which I could not constantly disguise. Nothing that merits the regard of a stranger was hid from me, and *Ibrahim* granted every thing to my curiosity which his rank could command. Perhaps I penetrated further than any other European into the recesses of the sultan's palace; almost hid from human eyes. In fine, I became acquainted with all the greatest and most amiable inhabitants of that court; and I know not if I may not say that, among these, I knew
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some

some of the best people on the earth. A people too little known; the object of derision, for ignorance; of compassion, for the friend of the arts; and of admiration, for the wise.

I had written to my father to calm his inquietudes, and frequently received intelligence from him. His kind letters breathed a burning desire to see me; yet he even laid his commands on me not to violate my obligations to *Ibrahim*, by too hastily a departure. These commands accorded but too well with my own inclinations, to be resisted by me. Each day a witness of the virtues of that great man, of his vast genius, of the sultan's esteem for him, and (yet better) of a people's love, which he possessed entirely, the most profound and tenderest respect occupied my mind, and I tremblingly looked at the moment when I must be separated from him.

A letter came to acquaint me that my father was sick, and requested my presence. No longer did I hesitate; for nature silenced friendship. I ran to *Ibrahim*; and imparted to him the intelligence which doubly wounded my heart. He felt it too; yet he said, Go where duty calls you; but never forget a man
who

who loves you. If it depended on me, you should be happier. You have virtues: cherish them, and you shall have more. Temper your ardent mind, or that will tarnish all. Be not eternally seeking after happiness; but endeavour to deserve it. Serve your God, love your sovereign*; be useful to men, shun idleness, fear your heart more than public opinion, and you shall be happy. These are the last counsels of a friend whom you will never see again.

Never! cried I: yes, I will again see you. Virtue in the midst of a palace is a sublime object. Who can refrain from returning to it? No, my friend, said *Ibrahim*; I love you too well to require it. Religion and custom separate us. You cannot discharge any trust in this empire, and I would not that my friend should be useless on the earth. But though I should myself hasten your return, alas, it would be perhaps but a vain care! You know not what is the condition of a vizier. To day, he dispenses life and death. To morrow, death lays him in oblivion. In our fate, for the instruction of ambition, the Om-

* I should have added, while he is just. The

nipotent points to the fragility of human grandeur.

Ah! cried I, dare you foresee—I expect it with tranquillity, answered *Ibrahim*. To be a vizier is to be familiar with the idea of death. But farewell! I have prepared for the separation; I already knew of your father's sickness, when you came to communicate it to me. Go: my orders are given; and your vessel is ready. I have proportioned to your delicacy, and not to my power, the trifles which it contains. Speak not of them: that would be to offend me.

He yet embraced me, when one of the chief officers of the empire was announced to him; and *Ibrahim*, master of his soul, instantly re-assumed the majesty of his rank. I withdrew, full of admiration, sorrow, and regret.

My poor *Osmyr* waited for me, and we proceeded for the vessel. The friendship of *Osmyr* used every resource which his fertile mind could imagine, to withdraw me from my sorrows. Alas! happy even under my misfortune, I quitted a friend—a friend replaced him. Pride may smile—the one a vizier, the other a slave! No matter: sensibility has nothing to do with the distinction.

Analogue

The

The generous *Ibrahim* had called his gifts trifling. They were immense. The cargo of my vessel was worth an hundred thousand crowns.

The first days of our voyage were fortunate, and I flattered myself to be in a few days at the feet of my father. My notions of happiness were now changed. The past had taught me the little value of a fine figure, and of the blandishments of love. Ah! that chimera fled, but to give way to another! The advice of *Ibrahim*, my father's power, my own genius, which adversity and the commerce of a great man had developed, turned my attention to an object which seemed more worthy of my wishes. Ambition and glory presented themselves in all their charms before my eyes. My wealth, I said to myself, and my father's influence clears my way to the noblest career. This, this is the true point of happiness. Covered with glory! surrounded with honours! what shall be wanting to my felicity?

Already we perceived the coast to which we steered; and the same wind, in a few hours, would bring us to the port. Vain hope! The wind changed, and we were obliged to tack during the whole

whole day. In the night the wind increased to a hurricane; and, the neighbourhood of the coast becoming dangerous, the captain stretched to sea. The following morning it became a decided tempest, which continued to rage during many days with unabating fury; and we were driven, spite of our endeavours, into the Mediterranean.

At length the heavens cleared; but the wind abated little. We perceived a coast before us, and it was recognised to be the entrance of Marseilles. It was then evening, and the captain was of opinion that we ought to wait for the next morning, to gain the port, the neighbouring rocks rendering the entrance difficult, and he fearing not to be able to pass it before the arrival of night: but the whole crew, wearied with the fatigues of so long a storm, urged him to proceed with such obstinacy that he had the weakness to yield to their desires.

At seven in the evening, we were along side of the rock, which we were compelled to pass very near. The sea broke on it with violence; the sun was set; and the obscurity of the night became profound. In fine, we struck up-
on

on the rock. The stroke was terrible; and, in an instant, the water penetrated as a torrent into the hold. In the horrible confusion, each thought only of saving his own life; and now it was that I saw all the coolness, the courage, the friendship of my worthy *Osmyn*. Be collected, said he to me, and I answer for your life.

The agitation of the sea would not have admitted of any assistance from the port; nor had we, in the terrible fright with which each was seized, even thought of firing a gun, as a signal of distress. The bowsprit of our vessel had run upon the land; and by that, most of the crew endeavoured to save themselves. But amidst the darkness of the night, amidst the efforts of a multitude for their individual safety, they destroyed each other, and the greater part fell into the sea, or were crushed by the vessel against the rocks; where they were swallowed by the fury of the waves.

Osmyn seized a rope, attached it strongly to the cordage of the mizen mast, descended, sprang into the sea, and swam to the shore, with the rope in his hand; fastened it to the rock, and, when he was assured of its firmness, embraced

braced it with his hands and feet, and thus climbing, with great difficulty regained the vessel. He now shewed me in what manner I should lay hold of the rope, and placing himself behind me, to moderate the rapidity of my motion in gliding down it, in this manner we reached the rocks in safety. His unshaken recollection had not even forgotten my less inferior interests. He had contrived to convey with him a small casket. This, said he, is all that I could save for you; but, at least, it will serve your present wants. A thousand sequins, and my papers, was the whole that was left of the bounty of *Ibrahim*.

Shortly after, the vessel broke up into a thousand pieces, with a hideous noise, and the sea was covered with its remains.

The small garrison of the castle of If, hearing the cries of the crew, came to receive us with humanity; but, as we came from the Levant, we were compelled, notwithstanding our condition, to undergo all the fatigues of a quarantine. The captain and ten men had escaped the shipwreck; but in what a condition! Almost naked, without money, and without friends. It was, undoubtedly,

edly, my first duty to soften their misfortune, but to my shame must I own, I thought only of my own loss, and my cruel reverse of fortune. The soul of *Osmyn* was greater than mine. He had in his girdle an hundred louis, which he had saved in the service of the vizier. They were his all. He distributed the whole amongst his unfortunate fellow-sufferers. I knew it not till some days after, when reflection had opened my eyes to the miseries which I imagined they must suffer. What a difference! They would have languished in want, waiting for my assistance; and *Osmyn* had not given them time to know what this want was. I have wished an hundred times to return this sum to *Osmyn*; but he has as often refused me; and these are the only refusals which I have ever met with from him. Ah, this is beneficence without a stain!

During my quarantine, I wrote to M. *de R——*, my father's correspondent at Marseilles; and he tendered me all the services which politeness and humanity could suggest. He had seen me in my childhood; he had a friendship for me; and I expected, with impatience, the instant in which I should visit him. I had
 10 now

now recovered from the first vexation of my loss. The fortune of my father was sufficiently great still to flatter my hopes, and my ship-wreck had made no change in the new idea I had conceived of happiness.

As soon as I was permitted to enter Marseilles, I went to the house of M. de R——. He received me with goodness; and introduced me to his wife and children. They united in pressing me to reside with them. I enquired if he had heard lately from my father. He answered, Yes; and immediately changed the conversation. I was surprised, but forbore to make enquiries. All the family seemed to exert themselves to amuse me during dinner; yet I fancied I perceived a certain air of constraint, for which I knew not how to account. It did not arise from ceremony; for I saw their heart entered into their civilities. What was it then? Alas, I learned but too soon!

After we had dined, M. de R—— took my hand and conducted me into his library. He made me sit beside him. Your adventures, said he, and the manner in which you have supported your last misfortune, assure me of the firmness of

of your mind. Alarmed by this preface, I pressed him to proceed. It is painful to me, said he, to be obliged to inform you of a new affliction, the first time I have the pleasure of being your host; but I must not conceal it: you no longer have a father.

Ah, what grief rushed upon my soul! Reflection; reflection tormented me. My departure, my absence from him, I said to myself, have pressed him to the grave. My situation became alarming. It was not a bitter malady; but a dark melancholy, a langnor which resisted all remedies.

Nothing could exceed the tender cares of my hosts; but my poor *Osmyn* was not willing that any one but himself should watch over me.

However, in some months my youth had nearly conquered my disorder. Every means which my friends could employ were brought to the aid of nature; and these were finally successful. I began to think of returning to Smyrna, to take possession of my father's property; and I named my design to M. de R——. Think not of Smyrna, said he, you are young, and have talents. These are nearly all your wealth. A sedition, which

which happened at Smyrna, hastened your father's death. The populace entered his house, and all was pillaged and destroyed. His papers being lost, you will expect to recover little of the property which he had in other hands. I was about to remit him eighty thousand francs, I have them yet, and they are yours. By adding them to your thousand sequins you will have nearly thirty-six thousand livres; they will be sufficient with conduct.

I received this intimation with more indifference than I should have expected. We become insensible to misfortune, as to prosperity. Happy is it for man—the swifter the succession of evils, the less he feels them.

I asked M. *de R*——'s advice as to the measures I ought to pursue. Proceed to Paris, said he, and solicit your father's place, no one is yet named to it. I have friends there, and will give you letters of recommendation. I will myself answer that you shall have the suffrages of Marseilles.

I could not resist a plan which was so agreeable to the designs that I had formed. Loaden with M. *de R*——'s goodness, I departed for Paris. I saw the minister,
and

and presented a memorial to him, sustained by those of my friends. He gave me hopes during six months; and I saw myself very politely refused, after I had wasted a considerable part of my moderate finances.

Happiness then is not to be found in ambition! said I. It has deceived me, as well as love. But where shall I go to seek her?

You will soon see all my lessons had not yet made me wise. I had scarcely twenty six thousand livres remaining, but I flattered myself I should yet recover a considerable indemnity from Constantinople, for the loss of my father's fortune, through the channel of the French ambassador. I wrote to *Ibrahim*, and informed him of all my misfortunes; and this generous man was in the act of sending me succours that assuredly would have exceeded all my wants when—as if my fatal destiny extended to every source which could aid me—he paid with his life for the dangerous honours which he had possessed with glory.

I now looked around me. My abode at Paris, and the post which I had solicited, had procured me some acquaintance. Paris is, perhaps, of all great cities, that
in

in which we ought to be most on our guard against connections, and where it is most difficult to chuse them with propriety. Distinctions disappear there. The love of pleasure levels all. Each Aurora beholds a new succession of delights, and the flowers of this day chase away the remembrance of the roses which perfumed the preceding evening. This is happiness, said I, to myself. Here they sleep in the bosom of pleasure, and the new raptures awaken them. I will imitate them. Alas! I did not perceive the mask which man too often wears. The life of a restless warrior is not more painful than that of the dissipated youths of Paris. Repulsing the avidious creditor, cringing to the hard usurer, incessantly tracing plans of resource, combating inquietude, braving reproaches, for what?—one minute's enjoyment, for pride; a second, for pleasure, (half of which is claimed by lassitude); and years of remorse.

Of all my dreams, this was of the shortest duration. One cannot go far with twenty-six thousand livres. The meteor of an instant, soon was I extinguished like many others, in the abyss of oblivion: while, the playful, caressing insects,

insects, which my blaze had assembled around me, disappeared as the breath of a zephyr.

Of all the hearts which had sworn eternal friendship to me, there remained none but *Osmyn*. With more foresight than I, whilst lying pleasures dissipated my small fortune, he had been assiduous in learning an useful art. Poverty warned me of a separation which my folly had rendered necessary, and which friendship presented to my mind as terrifying. I had no debts: an uncommon thing with ruined petits-mâtres. But twenty-five louis d'ors were my whole property, and it was necessary I should now take to some employment. Painful as it was, I found myself compelled to open my designs to *Osmyn*; and to announce to him the agony under which my soul groaned. He smiled: We must separate, said he; and why? Because I am poor; I answered. That is precisely the reason why I ought to remain with you, said he. If you were rich, you would have no need of me.—“Ah, but how shall I support you, *Osmyn*?” —“Fear not: my labour will be more than sufficient for us both.”—

“How!

“How! Do you wish that I should abuse”——?

Ah! said *Osmyn*, with vivacity, what is it that I shall give you? That which even a stranger ought not to refuse. And what do you not give me, by receiving? Have you so elevated a soul, and do you not conceive——Ah, I am much more happy than you, since I never shall have received more generous benefactions from you!——What! would you say? I cried. What! The fruit of your labour! Never!——

Hold, replied *Osmyn*, firmly, I begin to be acquainted with European manners. Be sincere: do I deceive myself? Your heart yields, but your pride kindles: you would accept assistance from an equal; you do not think me yours.——

“Ah, the suspicion offends me! but”——“But prejudice speaks. How strange! You Europeans expend, without blushing, the money which the poor man carries to your treasure, moistened with his blood. But should it be offered as a gift of his love, you fire at the affront. How absurd! *Bruno*, hear a truth: it is the man of nature who tells it you. You were not ashamed of my services at the vizier’s. Know you why?

why? It was, because I served your passions. Now my services offend you; and why? Because they inform you that all men are equal. Ah, despise these baubles of the mind, these childish distinctions! Be a man, and permit me to be one also!"

Alas! I cried, throwing myself into his arms, I would be as great as you. I accept all: it is the only means I have to equal you.

Ah, my dear *Otourou*, you weep at the recital of your father's greatness. Heaven has reserved him to be at once the model and the recompense of your own virtues! but it is time, my friends, to finish a story which your love for me alone renders interesting; and I hasten to conclude.

While I was yet dissipating my money, I had been presented to a widow who had no children. She was about five and forty, and was in the possession of a handsome fortune. With wit, gaiety, and affability, she drew to her house an amiable, chosen society, of which she was the life and charm. I had seen her with that sort of interest which every man feels in the presence of such a woman; but nothing farther; and, as soon

as I awoke to my misfortune, I ceased to visit her. One day, as I left my apartment, one of her servants gave me a card from her, merely requesting to see me. It surprised me that she should have discovered my new habitation, which I had chosen as suiting the situation of my affairs, and which I (not having named it to any of my acquaintance) believed to be perfectly unknown. I returned a note, in answer, saying, that I was sensible of the honour which she did me; but that reasons, which I forbore to name, would not permit me to accept of it.

I thought I should hear no more of the matter; but I deceived myself. The next day, a servant brought me a new billet; short, but unequivocal. I know, said she, in the card, every thing which has happened to you. If these are your reasons for avoiding my house, they are frivolous, and you do not know me. Come to me, to-morrow, at five in the evening. I request it. My Swiss has my orders, and my gate shall be open only to you.

I no longer did any thing without consulting *Osmyn*; this deference was due to him, and I shewed him the billet.

Go,

Go, said he. What risk you? Few as these words are, they announce good nature and delicacy: you need not distrust those who wish to see the unfortunate. I returned, then, for answer, that I would obey her commands.

The day came. I had yet some wrecks of my former elegant dresses, and I designed to use the best of them. No decorations, said *Osmyn*, to me. Dress yourself simply, and decently. There is some greatness in appearing such as we are. I felt he was right, and yielded to his reasoning.

The lady received me with that frankness which is the result of true virtue. Unrestrained by the presence of society, she developed one of those hearts (which are rare, it is true, but which yet are to be found) that do not revolt at the sight of misfortune. She desired my confidence. Yet, it was neither by a command nor a prayer; it was by that art which we know not how to define; that invisible ascendancy which a dignified soul takes, without mistrusting itself, over the suffering mind that approaches it. I had no reserves with her. I recounted all my life: all my faults. I thank you, said she, for your confidence. I do not

think myself unworthy of it. Perhaps I shall have, on my part, a secret to confide with you; but it requires explications. To-morrow, I go to the country. I will inform you of my return, which will not be in less than fifteen days. In the mean time here are an hundred louis d'ors.

As she saw a refusal in my first gesture she said, be not alarmed; this is not a gift; I respect you too much to offer one. It is a restitution which I am charged to make you. A restitution! said I. I do not recollect.—It may easily have escaped your memory, answered she smiling: you have not, I believe, always been accustomed to reckon accurately with yourself. But, continued she, with a serious air, I request you to free me from the burden of this deposit. I felt that obstinacy would have justly offended her; and having assured her that I should expect her commands with impatience, I bowed, and retired.

I returned to *Osmyn*; and informed him of what had passed. I was in haste to put the hundred louis into his hands, the possession of which was agreeable to me only as it regarded him. If this money is a restitution, said he, you may certainly

certainly dispose of it; but it may possibly be a mere benefaction, and I am inclined to believe so. The mode of conveying it was delicate and ingenious; however, do not touch it till you know its real source. If it does spring from liberality, there are people more unfortunate than we; and this sum distributed among many, by the generous giver, might save them from despair: while, to us, it would only add superfluity.

About the time the lady had named, I received an invitation, and waited upon her. She treated me with yet more friendship than before. We dined together alone. I still owe you the price of your confidence, said she, and I will pay my debt by the secret which I promised you. I have been a widow these fifteen years. My inclination had nothing to do with my marriage. My husband was a man of birth, but of reduced circumstances. Yet though he owed all his fortune to me, I was not happy with him. Since my widowhood, every thing has conspired to my felicity; you have been witness of the respect with which I am treated by the world. My society is small; it is composed of friends to whom I am dear; but I have no children,

dren, nor any relations, but what are at a distance, and unknown to me.

She was silent a moment, then proceeded: There are attachments which need not be explained to delicate minds, and which others do not understand. I would say, in short, that I wish to marry; that I wish for a friend. I wish to insure happiness to the man, who constitutes mine; I wish him to have birth, to preserve me in the public esteem; I would have him young, that he may survive me; above all, I would that he should have suffered much, that the happiness I shall see him enjoy may be my recompense for the good which I pretend to do him. I would not have him talk of love: oaths are not for old women. These are the qualities which I should require in my companion. It may be difficult to meet with them, yet I know a man who unites them all. To him do I wish to give my hand; and this man is yourself.

It will be easy to conceive my surprise, at a discourse which I so little expected. I stood some time, vainly seeking for expressions. At length, tenderness, friendship, gratitude, threw me at her

her feet. I could not speak; but she received my tears, my looks, for an answer.

She raised me with goodness, and made me sit beside her. You accept then, said she, the burden I would impose on you. Ah! it is too much, I cried. How shall I be worthy of it? By a due use, said she, of the lessons which providence has given you.

But you will not imagine, said I, to her, that there is one to whom I ought to communicate the goodness with which you overwhelm me. Yet, gratitude, the most tender friendship, make this my first duty. Then, I recounted to her all that *Osmyn* had done for me, from the time that I was in distress. Your delicate and just feeling, she replied, advance you in my esteem. She instantly rang a bell, and ordered one of her people to go for *Osmyn*. When he arrived, she insisted on his sitting beside us, and repeated to him all that she had said to me. Your friend, said she, to *Osmyn*, will do nothing without consulting you. It is just: your beneficence is rare, and worthy of esteem. You have acquired the rights of a father: pronounce then. Madam, he answered

with modesty, this is to pay me a great price for having discharged an obligation which nature imposed. She gives to each of us our part; mine at present is, to applaud with delight and respect the happiness which you have prepared for my friend.

How noble! cried Madame *de B—*. What a lesson for the little pride of human nature! how often do we regard, with disdain, objects which we ought to consider on our knees!

Osmyn wished to withdraw. She would not suffer it; and she desired me in his presence to fix the day for our marriage. I represented to her that, for my own satisfaction, I wished to have my papers and other documents from Marseilles; to prove that I had not imposed on her. Pardon me, said she, I have written to M. *de R—*, whom you named to me. I have already received his answer, and the details which I requested. Well, said *Osmyn* to me, was I deceived as to the restitution? How is that? said Madame *de B—*, I related our conversation to her. It was truly a restitution, she replied. And from whom? I said. "Fortune: has she not sufficiently robbed you?" I kissed her hand.

In

In fine, every thing was agreed on which related to the marriage; and I retired, with *Osmyn*, full of satisfaction, and penetrated with the felicity which an unforeseen adventure promised me.

I saw Madame *de B——* daily; and learned to esteem her, more and more. Her virtues, at each instant, enflamed my friendship, and my admiration. On the first of January we signed our marriage contract, in which she secured to me, after her death, ten thousand livres annual rent. The day of our marriage approached; and I abandoned myself to the most delightful reflections. The 7th of January was the appointed day. On the fifth, I waited upon her early in the morning (it was about nine); and was surprised to see her chariot at the door. Is it you? said Madame *de B——*, sit down and take some chocolate with me. I am going to my notary. I fear a little ambiguity in one of the articles of our marriage contract. I must have it cleared up. The weather is severe, permit me to go, said I. No: she replied. These people have not the nicest feelings, and he may mistake your motive. It is better that I explain my doubt to him myself. I shall scarcely be gone more
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than two hours. You dine with me? I promise myself that pleasure, said I. Ceremonious! said Madame *de B*— smiling. Not so; returned I. It is absolutely that which you merit, and which it shall be my glory to render you: the tenderest respect. An indescribable smile was her answer. She took her chocolate, and I handed her into her carriage.

It was about noon when she returned. It is cruelly cold, said she; I am frozen. But you have been wearied I fear; and, after all, this difficulty which alarmed me, was imaginary. I remarked that she was hoarse. I have caught a little cold, said she. The Notary's study was uncommonly warm. When I quitted him I went to mass; and I felt the damp and cold strike me. But it is a trifle.

I passed the remainder of the day with her, and she conversed with her usual cheerfulness. In the evening her hoarseness was considerably augmented; and she complained of a slight head-ach. She was already become so dear to me, that the least indisposition alarmed me; and I withdrew early, pressing her to retire to rest. The next morning, she was in a high fever, and a physician was called,
who

who pronounced her to be in great danger. On the following day, the physician informed me that he had no hope, and that he thought it his duty to inform her of her situation. My resolution instantly failed me; and I quitted the chamber unable to bear the scene. She has received the intimation, said the physician as he left me, with resignation; and if the fever returns in the evening, with its usual violence, she is a lost woman. My heart was torn by every word. This was the day which had been fixed for our union! Yet, I laboured to suppress my feelings, and returned to her bed. She took my hand, and pressing it gently, my friend, said she, with a feeble voice, I have given you much trouble. I know you have scarce left me for a moment. You shall go and take some repose. In the evening, you may return again; that will oblige me. Go: you will give me pain if you remain longer without rest.

I could not contend the matter with her, for I could not speak; and I went to my apartments to give my tears, to give my anguish to *Osmyn*.

I returned in the evening to Madame de B——'s house; and was informed, that,

that, during the day, the notary had been with her. I entered her chamber. She was now without fever, and I felt some rays of hope till about midnight. Then, the fever returned with violence, and a delirium soon followed. This night was terrible to me. I had experienced bitter disappointments, heavy misfortunes, but this seemed the most cruel instant of my life. It was not the loss of an ample fortune which I lamented, it was not the peaceable and happy days which seemed within my reach that I regretted; it was the loss of a virtuous woman, of an amiable friend, who had fought me in misfortune, and when almost all the world had forsaken me.

I went out of the apartment, to give a free course to my tears. The whole house was plunged in the truest sorrow; for, she was beloved by all who surrounded her. Some hours after, the fever had ceased, and she asked for me. I approached her bed. She made a sign to her attendants, and they withdrew. When she perceived that we were alone, she said—our separation is the only thing which disturbs my last moments. Your tender cares during my illness, have proved the value of my choice.—But we
must

must submit to the will of God. My fortune would have been yours. Alas! I now fear you will profit little by it. I have named you in my will, but you must not flatter yourself that you will see it respected. My heirs, whom neither you nor I know, will probably dispute with you the poor marks of my regard. Take the little casket which you see on the table. It contains eighteen thousand francs, and some jewels; accept this last offer of my friendship. Think sometimes of me; but never forget your God. Adieu! my friend. Leave me: I can support all, but the sight of your tears!

She was silent; and made me a sign to withdraw. I took her hand, and shed my unrestrained, my grateful tears, upon it. In a few minutes, she gently drew it away from me: and, fearing too much to discompose her last moments, I hurried myself away.

Yet, I could not resolve to leave the house. In the evening I saw her confessor, as he retired from her apartment. He said to me: we no longer owe her any thing except the tribute of our tears.

I had

I had given to *Osmyn*, the casket; the last marks of the goodness of my benefactress. He had carried it to my apartments, and had instantly returned, knowing my need of his presence in such a moment. He had brought a carriage with him; and availing himself of the stupor into which I had fallen after the confessor left me, he forced me into it, and led me from the mournful scene.

Yet, before he departed, he had time to view the insensibility of avarice. Scarcely had *Madame de B——*, breathed her last, when a man entered the house, accompanied by a commissary. He looked at me (as *Osmyn* told me, for I knew not what passed) with a suspicious and malignant look. With avarice in his eyes, and the smile of triumph on his countenance and lips, he coldly placed seals on the doors, in the midst of the sobs with which the house resounded. *Osmyn* almost rejoiced in my condition, which prevented my observing the revolting object.

Some days after, the will was read. *Madame de B——*, had left me an hundred thousand crowns; to her heirs, she had bequeathed six hundred thousand francs, and her furniture; and had ordered

dered a hundred thousand francs to be distributed among her people and a certain number of poor, whom she named.

The heirs of Madame *de B——*, instituted a suit to set aside the will. I felt too much respect for the memory of my benefactress not to maintain her last wishes, in every instance, if possible. I appeared and defended the cause; and this suit cost me great part of the eighteen thousand francs which she had given me. The heirs triumphed; I lost my legacy; and the poor were deprived of their portion. The chief of these heirs had an increase of four hundred thousand livres.

I was now seized with a melancholy, which resulted from a persuasion that no happiness was to be found on the earth. I felt a sort of hatred against all nature. I converted the little property which was left me into government security, and resolved, with this scanty pittance, to hide myself from all society, (excepting that of my dear *Osmyn*, whom I still loved); and to wait the end of a life hitherto cruelly agitated, now sunk into the darkest gloom. *Osmyn* seemed not to oppose my thoughts; and thus passed
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six months without any other amusement than that of a walk, and in which I rarely indulged myself.

One day I found myself pressed by hunger, at a considerable distance from my lodging; and, it being the usual hour of dining at such places, I entered an hotel, and placed myself at the table of an ordinary. The conversation turned upon happiness. Each of the company varied as to the means, but all were convinced that happiness was to be found; excepting myself alone. A few words of my own history, which escaped me before I was aware, awakened curiosity, and no longer left it in my power to refuse the detail to the pressing request of my companions. All heard me with eager attention; all pitied my condition; but all remained in their former opinion. After reciprocal civilities the company separated; I went out the last; and found, at the door of the hotel, an ecclesiastic, who had been one of the company at dinner; and who had entered but little into the conversation. He accosted me politely, and proposed that we should take a cup of coffee together. He was a stranger, but his appearance and manner

ner inspired me with confidence; and I consented.

You avow yourself, said the ecclesiastic, to be the irreconcilable enemy of happiness; yet, you appear to have a feeling and virtuous mind. This is all that is requisite to happiness; and I would gladly lead you into the way of felicity. Pardon me for the interruption, said I, but if you have any new scheme of fortune to propose to me, I cannot hear any further. Yes: said he, I would propose a fortune which is open to all the world, which you have but to will and to possess; a fortune which never perishes; and which alone insures happiness.

“You astonish me!”—“This wealth, this happiness, is integrity.—“Integrity! I should blush to have wanted it.”

—“I will suppose so; and what is it?”

—“To fulfil all the duties, all the obligations, imposed on us by society.”

“You are far from it; an automaton might do as much without motives; a vicious mind, with improper motives.

—“What then is it?—“Integrity is a singleness of will and affection—A will informed only by love. That love which has no bounds within the scope of being.

being. From this spring, preserved pure, happiness inevitably, invariably, flows. But in proportion as any thing extraneous mixes with it, in proportion, misery enters with the corruption."

New light sprang into my mind. I had thirsted for happiness; and I now flew to slake my thirst in the fountain. I need not repeat to you all the conversations which I had with this worthy ecclesiastic. He never quitted me till he had consummated his work; and I owe to him a new life! a new being!

This principle, this sentiment, sleeps not in a state of inactivity, I burned to serve mankind. The countrymen of my affectionate *Osmyn* presented themselves to my mind! Oh! cried I, that I could pluck their European tyrants from the throne of their cruelty! Yet shall I withhold the feeble effort of my single arm? No: I will hasten to inform their minds; I will fly to soften their calamities!

I took the sacerdotal habit; and keeping my eye on this object, in a few years I obtained an appointment to the sacred office which I now fill, and in which I do find unceasing happiness.

Bruno

Bruno having thus terminated his recital, we all pressed upon him, to embrace him in our turns; to thank him for the pleasure we had all received, and the instruction which we might draw from a life now crowned with virtue.

Otourou (who sat close beside me, and whom I could scarce restrain in certain passages of the history), *Otourou* threw himself at the feet of the good old man. Ah, benefactor, deliverer of my father! he cried. They were the only words which could rush from his heart.

The following day released us from prison, and the ceremony was a sort of triumph to us. The people attended us in crowds. They were heard to cry, These are the negroes who were to have perished for having defended a European! These are the Europeans who did not doubt the innocence of negroes! Behold, cried *Bruno*, addressing himself to the European spectators.—These are your brethren! Why reject you the name? Is it more painful to pronounce than that of slave? Deprive them not of the love you owe to all men. Love them; nature inspires it; humanity requires it; God commands it. God, humanity, nature! Where are the pagans, the idolators,

tors, who could resist their united voice? Ah, you are Christians!

Some carriages had been prepared for us; and we all left the city; but I was, at first, ignorant whither our friends designed to conduct us. I soon discovered we were proceeding toward the plantation of M. de C——; and *Ferdinand*, having placed relays of horses on the road, we arrived there the same day: the unworthy overseer had been dismissed from his employment.

To find myself in the midst of my friends, in the very place that had been so fatal to me, gave me exquisite delight; but soon I thought of *Amelia*, *Dumont*; and my heart sunk into sorrow. This plantation, indeed, was, of all others, most capable of bringing to each of us some unhappy remembrance. To *Ferdinand*, it recalled his father. To *Honoria*, a guilty brother, whose unhappy death had hastened that of her father. To *Otourou* the fatigues and anxiety which he had here endured; and I did nothing but weep in the apartment which the unfortunate *Amelia* had occupied.

I was astonished that *Ferdinand* had chosen this abode, for the scene of a festival,

tival, over which he designed joy alone should reign. Ah! I knew not, yet, all the generosity of a heart, whose days were marked by unceasing acts of beneficence!

On the following morning, all arose early, except myself. The good *Osmyn* entered my chamber, and informed me that our friends were assembled, and that breakfast waited for me. I found them sitting round a tea-table, and they all rose when I entered. We are very rude to disturb you, thus: said *Ferdinand*.——“Rather 'tis I, who have not sooner attended you: but a gentle sleep overpowered me.”——Or was it not, said *Bruno*, that the master of the house had business which engaged him? What would you say, my good father? I cried. The truth, replied *Honorio*, you are here at home. This plantation is yours. This is your title; and she presented to me a deed of gift, duly executed. Ah! I cried, what do you? I have no need of riches; your love, your heart, my friends, these shall be my only wealth! Take back, take back your favour? You refuse me then? said *Ferdinand*, folding me in his arms. But what have I done? said I, to merit——
If,

If, replied *Ferdinand*, if I were vile enough to put a price upon your benefactions, I could recall them all. I would say that you have saved my life! I would say that you once saved the life of my father, would again have saved it! I would declare that my injustice had conducted you to the gates of death! I would acknowledge that *Honor**ia* and I have deprived you of the man who educated you in the principles of truth, of your best friend; and of *Amelia*, of the object of your affection! I would add that your affection is still an unabating zeal! Think you that such things are paid by gifts? I should blush to have imagined so! It is to my friend that I offer the just tribute of my love!

I would have answered. All surrounded me: they closed my mouth. *Osmy**n*, even *Otouro**u*, joined them. In vain did I defend myself. I was compelled to yield.

Well, I cried, I accept it, I accept it, with joy. The names of *Ferdinand* and *Honor**ia* would have been graven only my heart. Here, the air which I respire, every object of my sight, will recal, without ceasing, their dear names to me!

They

They looked as if they had gained a victory! Exalted friends! They had said that it was I who was their benefactor!

I stood for some time contemplating the luxury of their feelings. Suddenly, I cried with transport—Am I then master here? I sprang from them. I flew to the habitation of the negroes. They had already gone to labour. I ran to find them. They saw me; recollected me; surrounded me. My countrymen, my countrymen! They tell me that I am your master! Ah! I am your friend! *Liberty!* This shall be the first exercise of my power!

Instantly there arose a confused sound of joy, sighs, applause, benedictions. The nearest, embraced me! those further off tendered their arms to me. What a sigh! Europeans, if you enjoy it not, answer it to yourselves!

Receive our oath—cried they. Never will we quit you. On this land will we pay our debt to you. We will render it tenfold fertile.

Come, my friends, cried I. Thank your real benefactors. The generous Europeans, to whom we owe the happiness which penetrates all our minds.

I march.

I march. They follow me. I arrive at the house, surrounded with this crowd: less brilliant, without doubt, than that which surrounds monarchs; but, surely, more faithful, more zealous! I call *Honoria* and *Ferdinand*. Come, say I, contemplate your work! I had but one heart to love you: I had but one voice to bless you. I have found an hundred to adore you: an hundred to bear witness to your beneficence! My friends could not speak. Seized with astonishment, with joy, with pleasure, they mingled among the negroes, and received their caresses, they caressed them. The names of friends, children, brethren, were lavished with profusion.

God of men! cried these unfortunate people—give to all Europeans the goodness of our deliverers, and negroes will perish for them with joy!

This happy day was indeed a festival for the heart. My poor negroes, crowned with flowers, passed it with songs and in dances. *Honoria* and *Ferdinand* did not decline to partake of these pleasures. The negroes drank to their health with the truest gratitude, and they returned this expression of affection with sincerest truth. The good *Bruno*, the worthy old man,

man, deigned also to forget his age and his condition ; and yielded himself entirely to the general gaiety. And *Osmyn*, *Otourou*, and I—what a scene for our hearts? Europe guided by humanity, and smiling on the virtues of Africa!

My worthy friends did not forget *Otourou* and his father. They secured to each an annuity for his life. This I ardently opposed. I was rich enough, and designed that we should make only one family. But we must again submit to a duty, which they deemed sacred.

They passed fifteen days—shall I say with me—Yes: for I cannot write the word without renewing in my heart the gentlest sensations. They passed, then, fifteen days with me. *Ferdinand* informed me that he had made every arrangement for his future residence in France. The health of *Honorio* had been much impaired, and the physicians had assured her that a more temperate climate would probably restore it.

Ferdinand saw that this intelligence grieved me. Why afflict yourself? said he. We shall only be separated as much as yourself may wish. I have always hoped that you would not leave me. But if you cannot enure yourself

to the climate or manners of Europe; or any other cause should render it disagreeable to you, you have here an asylum which appertains to you, independent of any will. *Duménil* (who desires to return to his native country with us) and we shall make but one family. Will not you make one of the family, *Ilanoko*?

I will follow you over the earth, said I. It needed such a sentiment as my affection for you to overcome, in a negro, the remembrance of his country. I, no longer, think of it; but I feel that, should I lose you, this abode would become odious to me. The desire of revisiting my country too would return with vigour. Ah, what should I seek there! New torments; since it would only offer to me the ashes of a departed father, the remembrance of a lost lover. For *Dumont* and *Amelia* without me will never return there.

My only unhappiness, said *Ferdinand*, is to leave *Bruno* behind us. I tremble to bid him a last adieu. Yet his age, still more the zeal which binds him to his duty, do not permit me to hope that he will accompany us. Ah! do not despair

pair to overcome his repugnance, said I. He loves us as a father.

Our venerable old friend had quitted us some days before: the cares of his ministry (which he never forgot) having called him back to the city. M. and Madame de C—— were preparing also to depart: *Ferdinand* had taken the name of de C—— at the request of *Honorio's* father. I promised to follow them when I should have established, in my plantation, the regulations that I had projected, and they left me with *Osmyn* and *Otourou*.

The new order of things which I had designed to adopt had not an improvement of the estate for its object. A care, dearer to my heart, occupied my mind. It was the condition of my poor negroes. Regarding discipline as the basis of tranquillity, happiness, and good order, I paid my first attention to that. I caused them all to be assembled, and I spoke thus to them.

My friends, I have restored liberty to you, and you have promised to serve me in return. I wish not by a surprize, unworthy of me and of your conduct, to abuse the first emotion which gratitude caused in your hearts. I have not des-

troyed your chains to impose new ones on you. If any of you turn your eyes toward your country, let him speak; let him behold me ready to conduct him thither.

A very short pause ensued. No; was the unanimous cry. We will yet remain with you. We wish to die in our country in our old age; but we wish also to consecrate our youth to our deliverer.

My countrymen, I replied, I thank you for your friendship. Hear what I design for your welfare. To abolish all rule would be to nurture crimes. I believe you incapable of committing any, but I will shew myself inexorable to the perverse man who shall be guilty of them. Yet will I not punish you. The punishment of crimes is in the hand only of the laws. Expect not, from me, an undue compassion which shall make me conceal the criminal. No: I will myself conduct him to the hands which are the depositary of public authority. Yet, again, I believe that not one of you will oblige me to employ this severity.

But let us quit this subject for one which is indispensable to man. It is the order ever necessary in a numerous society.

ty. Assembled as you were in this place by misfortune, retained here as you still are by gratitude, henceforth united by your mutual labour, your happiness depends on concord. You ought to love each other. It is the first duty of men. I will give you the example; but my friendship shall not be without distinctions; if you will compel me to make distinctions. I will give it, without reserve to him who shall exalt himself by his love for his brethren. It shall be weaker to the negro who shall attempt to disturb the repose of this society. But I shall, eternally, withdraw it from him who shall manifest incorrigible hatred against other men: even though they be Europeans. Loaden with my indignation, I will chase him from this spot, as the invader of the general peace.

No longer shall any tasks be set in your labour. You will calculate the quantity by your strength; you will execute it, by your love; and you will continue it, as reason shall dictate. If the land should remain uncultivated, I could not give you cloathing and nourishment. Your interest, then, proceeds hand in hand with mine. Man is not born for idleness. If some dissipated negro for-

gets this first law, whips shall not call it to his remembrance; having done nothing, he shall receive nothing from us. He will, therefore, have no support. Then, shall we see if, compelled to tender a supplicating hand toward me or toward his companions to obtain something for his positive wants, then we shall see, if he will not remember that it is necessary he should labour.

I wish that my sight may always inspire confidence. I would not have your countenance teach me that you fear it. I would that friendship alone should be visible at my approach; for, when I mingle with you, it shall be to console you in your troubles; to speak to you of mine; and to bless, with you, that eternal truth and wisdom which has attached the satisfaction of the heart and tranquillity of the mind to an upright and exact performance of our duties: it shall be to listen to your complaints, to remedy or convince you of the injustice of them: finally, it shall be to unbend myself from my cares (for all need indulgence) by the proofs of your attachment; and to soothe yours by the effusions of my friendship.

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Is this mode of life agreeable to you, my friends? Swear then, among yourselves, to observe the order and well being of it.

Yes, we do swear! we do swear! they cried with one voice: and may he be punished with severity who violates his oath! It is enough, said I to them. Go: the rest demands my care.

On the following morning, I arose before the break of day, and, going to the habitation of the negroes, I ordered the commander to assume his usual functions, and to pursue exactly the practice to which he had been accustomed during the time that the management of the plantation had been under the direction of the overseer. I wished, now, that my mind was somewhat at liberty to give a scope to its observation, to judge myself of the system which has been adopted for the government of the negroes.

The hour of labour having arrived, sleep was soon banished from the habitation by the frightful noise of enormous whips. In a short time, I beheld the poor negroes, almost naked, and with their eyes half opened, crawling out of this humble dwelling, in which the magic of dreams sometimes consoled them

for the injustice of men. Scarcely yet assured of the truth of what they had heard and seen respecting their liberty, in short, almost believing the whole to be a delirium, I saw the impression of peace slowly vanish from their countenance; and an idea of the continuation of their wretchedness, by degrees, arising to conviction.

And now I learned that five hours severe labour must precede their first refreshment. And they are men, said I, who have dictated such laws to men like themselves? Are there then two species of men?

As soon as all the negroes were assembled, I took the unworthy whips, and tearing them into a thousand pieces, I trod them under my feet; my unhappy countrymen gave a shout of joy; and, with one voice, one heart, praised the God of the universe for this confirmation of their liberty and happiness; and thus (too seldom the case) was the name of the Creator heard in this land unfulled by a sigh or tear.

I caused a cordial to be given to each of them; a precaution that interest, at least, should take in the absence of humanity; to preserve them from the consequences of

of their excessive perspiration, and the heat of the sun : a principal cause of the frequent maladies of these poor people. I assured them that they should, each morning, receive the same refreshment ; and that, henceforth, the sound of a bell should be the signal of their rising to labour.

We afterwards proceeded to the employment of the day ; and the commander, according to his usual practice, assigned to each his task. My friends, said I, will you oblige me by labouring a short time as you have been accustomed to do ? The moment I made the request, one of them began a song (4) ; and all of them instantly stooped to the ground, and applied themselves to their labour with vigour. This song will continue till the hour of their taking their food, said the commander to me, and during that time no one dares to raise his head. I observed that they laboured with their faces to the sun, whose increasing heat could not fail greatly to oppress them. If a European were in my place, said I, to the commander, you would not dare to change their position ? No, he answered ; the work must be executed precisely as it is ordered. Suppose,

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however, said I, you were to make the alteration, what would be the consequence to yourself? "Probably, fifty strokes of the whip."—"Would it be injurious to the proprietor were these people to begin their work at the other end of the ground?"—"No: it would be the same thing."

Oh, Europeans, does your barbarity thus pervade all! Does it extend even to the most indifferent things!

Still, they continued to labour with incredible activity. One of them ceased a moment from his work. By the violent manner in which the humid drops rushed from his pores, and by the working of his breast and sides, I imagined that fatigue had compelled him to take breath.—You see that poor man, said I, to the commander.—What do your instructions inform you to do with him? To go, and remind him of his labour by a dozen strokes of the horse-whip. What, said I, without enquiring into the cause of his ceasing to work? He stands still, replied the commander; that is sufficient.

I approached the negro. Alas, the unfortunate man had been so long accustomed to the mandates of oppression, that,

that, forgetting his present condition, without speaking to me, he lowered his timid head, and seemed to await the punishment which he fancied hung over him. Friend, said I, why have you not continued your labour? He shewed me an enormous thorn which had penetrated his foot, almost to the bone. Tears, in despite of my efforts, sprang into my eyes. And this, cried I, is a crime which Europeans deem worthy of punishment?

I had dwelt long enough on this scene; and, interrupting the labour, I placed the negroes in a situation where they suffered less from the scorching rays of the sun. I wish for no tasks, said I to them. Let each of you, my friends, perform as much as is suitable to his strength; and let each rest as his weariness shall require. Forget not that you are no longer slaves.

Their usual refreshment was now brought them. It consisted of some boiled fruits of the banana, and mouldy biscuits. Have they no other provision than this? said I. Very rarely, answered the commander; but, sometimes, we give them a little dry rancid cod, or a little damaged beef, the refuse of ship stores,

stores, which are bought at an inferior price. I cast away this infamous meal; and distributed among them more wholesome aliments which I had taken care to provide: for I knew the necessity.

They afterwards returned to their labour; but as freemen. They ceased, at the usual hour in the evening, with less fatigue, although they had performed much more than the common work of the day. And why? It was because the soul had resumed part of her energy. In chains the soul languishes, and the body becomes enervated.

Nations of Europe! Dogs have divided with you the glory of your conquests in America. You have been ungrateful to them; and relied too little on their powers; or, to them, you would have confided the culture of your new countries. They would have served you better than negroes. The weakest of animals is man enslaved!

My friends returned from the field with songs of triumph and joy. A European would scarcely have believed they were negroes in the American isles. He would have been deluded, for a moment, with the picture, which he had
often

often seen in his own happy country, of the contented reaper, the joyful vine-gatherer returning to the peaceful home, where repose and happiness waited his arrival.

Meanwhile, report had spread these occurrences to a considerable distance, and I saw a number of negroes, who had formerly deserted from this plantation, return to place themselves under my protection. Of some of these I enquired into the causes which had induced them to escape. The first that answered me was an old negro. One day, said he, after the usual hour of repast, I was surprised by sleep, under the shade of a tree; and did not hear the signal given for us to resume our labour. I was awakened by violent strokes of a horse whip, which lacerated my body to such a degree that, in my agony, an involuntary cry escaped me. The overseer, who was present, said—Has the wretch the audacity to complain? I mildly answered, no sir: my pain forced me to cry out, in spite of myself. This answer was considered as scandalous outrage. The next day, I was punished with an hundred lashes of the whip; and, as I had not the happiness to die
as

as I vainly hoped, I preferred a flight into the mountains——where, at least, death would not be attended with such sufferings.

A female negro informed me that she had been employed as a domestic in the house of the overseer. One day, continued she, that I was in the apartment of the overseer's lady, she let her handkerchief fall on the ground. My back was turned to her. The fall of an handkerchief does not make much noise; and, as I did not hear it, she was reduced to the fatigue of opening her mouth to call me. As a punishment for my fault, she gave me ten severe lashes. One of these blows wounded my breast. At that time, I suckled my infant, but my milk left me, and my child wasted: it was not my fault. Madam the overseer's lady, perceived it, and told me, that should my child continue to fall away she would punish me with lashes in proportion. If that would have made my infant thrive I should have taken them patiently, but I had nothing to give him, and he continued wasting every day. The first time I received twenty lashes; and fifty at the second: but my child became still more meagre,
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and that grieved me sadly. I resolved to leave him and take to flight; for I thought, when I should be gone, they would give the infant to another woman to suckle, and that he would thrive again: and so I ran away.

I found, by each of their stories, that they had all much the same cause for taking their flight. I enquired of the commander what punishment was inflicted on such negroes as desert. The first time, he answered, the proprietor orders the deserter to be flogged according to his pleasure; the second time, they increase the number of lashes, and beside fasten a heavy iron collar round his neck, to which is fixed horizontally a long bar, also of iron, which prevents him from penetrating among the trees; and this burden he is condemned to carry for life. If he deserts the third time, he dies.

But, replied I, if I have not mistaken that which the Europeans call the Black Code, they are forbidden to put a negro who shall desert to death. That is true, answered he with an arch smile; the negro dies, but they do not put him to death; for they do not kill him at once: he only dies in consequence of his punishment.

ment. They give him so many lashes to-day, so many to-morrow, and so many the day after. If the negro dies, it is not the European's fault that he had not strength to support a thousand, or ten thousand lashes.

Ah Europeans! you indulge in the luxuries which the American islands produce, without suspecting that these luxuries have precipitated generations of men to the tomb! With exactest truth may it be said, that not a berry of coffee, not an ounce of sugar or indigo, is exported from the islands which does not cost a drop of some negroes blood! Alas, think you of the calculation!

How! if an handkerchief falls by the carelessness of a European lady, may a negroess therefore be lashed to death! What then shall result when negroes commit real crimes? What? when severest punishments have been the consequence of a negro's misfortune in breaking a china cup, or his awkwardness in dressing the head of a European? (5)

I pardoned all the deserters; if I could pardon those who had committed no crime. Nor had I among the whole number

number any more faithful, more industrious than those.

Another object interested me strongly. I interrogated the negroes separately concerning their faith. There was not one who did not answer that he was a Christian; but when I demanded what they understood by the word, I found them all in the profoundest ignorance. Such as they had been in Africa, such did I still behold them among an enlightened people. Yet it is deemed a sufficient compensation for the sufferings of these unhappy people that they are saved from error.—Saved from error! Of what importance is the name of Christian to them, if they are not taught the virtues of Christianity? And how shall they acquire them? By instruction and example. Instruction! they receive none. Example! you know, Europeans, that which you give them!

I engaged a well informed and virtuous ecclesiastic to dwell with me; and dedicate his labours to the instruction of the negroes. As purity of manners facilitates the intelligence of the mind, I turned my whole attention to their conduct; and I soon saw concord, attachment

ment to duties, and, in fine, happiness reigning around me.

Otourou and his father, zealously seconded my endeavours. I enjoyed the happy fruits of my labour; and was as a father surrounded by an immense family, who counts his hours by the love of his children. What could be wanting to my felicity? Alas, you who have loved, you will easily imagine. I frequently painted to myself *Amelia*, unfortunate, wandering, perhaps dead. I represented her father deprived of his daughter in his old age, regretting the death from which he had formerly fled upon the coast of Africa!

Such was the cause which poisoned the happiness of the most valuable days which I had passed from the moment of my birth.

One day that I had retired after dinner to take some repose (agreeable to the usage of warm countries) the idea of *Amelia* presented itself to me with such strength that I could not sleep. It pursued me more importunately than ever. I accused myself of ingratitude. Did she not, said I to myself, quit every thing to seek me? Was I not in fact a stranger to her father? And what was there
which

which could prevent his flying to my succour? And I—an unfaithful friend, an unfeeling lover—have not I, during six months, remained in opulence without an effort to discover them! Have I thus, then, repaid their cares, their fatigues, their sacrifices? But where to seek them? I have no clue to direct my steps. What then? still, ought I to depart: my heart tells me so, and it has never deceived me.

I applauded the resolution; and I was reviewing, in my own mind, the probable means of executing it, when a domestic came to inform me that a man had arrived from the city and earnestly pressed to see me. I ordered him to be conducted to me, and he soon entered my apartment.

Sir, said he, may I take the liberty to enquire if you have not in your house a negro of the name of *Otouro*? Yes I answered. He is one of my friends. My commission, returned the stranger, is of a delicate nature. I am not ignorant of your consequence here, and I have been very unwilling to do any thing which would be disagreeable to you. I have relied on your honour; and although my orders are extremely peremptory, I have

have presented myself alone to execute them.

To the matter, said I, with inquietude. I have, said he, the express orders of the king to secure the person of *Otourou*.

The word was thunder to me. *Otourou!* Ah, what has he done? I cried with agony. The stranger said, I am entirely ignorant.—“And whither do you mean to conduct him?”—“To France: to Paris. Such are my orders.”—“But, Sir, *Otourou* is no slave; and he is rather under the protection of the king of France than his subject. It was his own free will which led him to this island, and my house ought to be respected as his sacred asylum.”—“Pardon me, I cannot enter into discussions. I have my orders, and I must obey them.”—“What under my eyes?”—“I feel, perfectly, that it will be easy for you to oppose the execution of my orders. But consider all the dangerous consequences of such a conduct.”

While he spoke to me, I sought some means of amusing him and gaining time to remove *Otourou* from the danger. The door opened, and *Otourou* entered my apartment. I could not master an emotion

tion of terror ; and it clearly pointed out to the officer the very thing I would have concealed.

You are the person, said the officer, of whom I am in search. *Otourou*, I arrest you in the name of the king.

Otourou looked at me, but without emotion. I threw my arms round him, without the power of a word. A negro, who was entering the room with *Otourou*, ran to inform his father of the inexplicable affair. *Osmyn* hastened to us.

Your son!—cried I—but be the consequence what it may, I will not suffer him to be torn from me! Sir, I said to the officer, I have an hundred negroes: they will each of them perish sooner—

A moment's attention, said *Osmyn* interrupting me: be so good, he continued, addressing himself to the officer, as to acquaint me with the business. The officer repeated the whole affair, and when he had finished, *Osmyn* turned with a severe air to his son, *Otourou*, said he, you are a negro: be not guilty of a falsehood. You have travelled through part of France: does your recollection reproach you with any crime? It is your father

father who questions you. None, replied *Otourou*, with firmness,

I am proud of it, said *Osmyn*. Sir, I am his father: he shall follow you. I lay my command on him.

What! cried I with bitterness, will you suffer it?

Shall we tremble for innocence? replied *Osmyn*. I have but one uneasiness. I cannot follow him. That care, answered I eagerly, concerns me. If he must perish, be it so. I will perish with him.

You have, I hope, no such misfortune to fear, said the officer. But my vessel waits and we must depart. Your affairs, the recommendations which it is necessary you should procure, will not permit you to accompany us. Yet, be satisfied that he shall want no attentions of mine to render his situation as little painful as it can be. And, although I scarcely am permitted to give you the intimation, I inform you that it is to Vincennes I conduct him. When you arrive at Paris, come to me; this is my address; and I will facilitate the means of your speaking with your friend.

I felt that the reasoning of the officer was just; and that even *Otourou's* interest would

would not permit me to depart in less than two or three days. I ran to my chest, took out two hundred louis d'ors, and gave them to *Otourou*. Go: said I. Heaven will protect us. You shall not be long at Paris before *Itanoko*. Ah, my friend! be without inquietude.

Inquietude, said *Otourou* smiling: I know of none.

I assembled in haste the little effects that might be useful to him. The officer urged us to hasten a separation which only became more cruel by delaying the moment of it. Dismayed, almost frantic, I threw myself into the arms of *Otourou*. You suffer, said he to me: what has become of your courage? Firmness should always accompany purity of heart.

I yielded my place to his father. He approached with a collected look. He took the hand of his son; and fixing his eyes upon him—You have not deceived me, said he. No, my father: replied *Otourou*. Go then, said *Osmyn*, I perhaps shall never see you more. I give you my blessing. Whatever may happen, live and die an honest man. He embraced him without shedding a tear.

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I was far from imitating this constancy of mind. In pity to me, *Osmyn* and the officer forced *Otourou* from my arms. They placed him in a carriage, and he departed.

What a stroke! It was so much more terrifying; as, since the issue of our last misfortune, I had believed *Otourou*, as well as myself, secure from any such oppression. I was without doubt respecting *Otourou's* innocence, but I began to have an idea of the manners of Europe, of France especially. Of what imprudencies was not an unfortunate stranger susceptible, who like him had no guide but his reason, and the voice of nature? Might not his virtuous mind lead him into some act, while he remained in France, which might be deemed a crime in the eyes of a polished nation?

Thus I wasted an hour in vain conjecture, in passionate agitation; and, at length, arrived at the resolution I should at first have taken—to fly, instantly, to M. and Madame *de C*——, to procure their recommendations; and to embark for Europe.

I called *Osmyn*; I go, said I to him. You cannot accompany your son, and to me alone devolves the right of fulfilling
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toward him the duties of a father, and a friend. Govern my little republic in my absence. I cannot leave, to our poor countrymen, any one who will be so dear to them, as yourself.

I had given my orders, and my carriage was now ready with every thing I designed to take with me. I caused the negroes to be assembled. My friends, said I to them, my concerns compel me to make a long voyage; but I leave *Osmyn* with you. Remember me sometimes; and, if I am dear to you, love him as myself.

I then took *Osmyn* in my arms. Who could have foreseen, said I to him, that we should have been so soon separated? Yet be tranquil: my friend, I will return with your son, or I will cease to live. I embraced him; sprang into my carriage; and departed: while the negroes heaped blessings on me. Happy preface! cried I. God must be sensible to the wishes of pure minds!

I travelled with such diligence, that in six hours I was with my friends. What new misfortune? cried *Ferdinand*, repeated *Honorio*, both terrified by my air. I acquainted them, in two words; and informed them of my resolution.

They sent to request the presence of *Bruno*; and, the good old man having come, we all essayed to discover whence so unforeseen a misfortune could arise; and, such is the effect of prejudice, that *Ferdinand* and *Honoria* could scarcely persuade themselves that *Otourou* had not given some cause of complaint while he resided in France. Ah, my friends! said I, fear to outrage virtue by an injurious suspicion!

We conversed, afterwards, on the means which ought to be pursued. M. and Madame *de C——* counselled me to defer my departure for a few days. Their affairs in the island were nearly terminated; and, in less than a fortnight, they expected to embark for Europe. *Ferdinand* promised to hasten his departure, and represented to me how proper it was that I should enter a country, unknown to me, with such an object to accomplish, accompanied by powerful friends; in fine, the weight that his presence would give to his recommendations.

This might be prudent, replied *Bruno*, if we knew the nature of *Otourou's* situation; but, in our uncertainty, a few days may be fatal to him. You know *Otourou*, his inconceivable frankness, that
kind

kind of stoicism which permits him not to bend to his oppressors, and his indifference as to his fate, when he sees himself tormented by injustice: with this character, if we leave him to his enemies he is lost; and that he has enemies this event declares. At least, *Itanoko* will counsel him. He will temper the inflexible severity of *Otourou's* answers. He will see your friends. He will announce, to them, your approaching arrival; and they will be the less liable to neglect an object in the pursuit of which they find you will be soon personally engaged. I have studied *Otourou*: the farther he finds himself removed from any stain, the more will he himself increase his own danger. Ah! leave him not to be entangled in the snares of injustice!

The advice of *Bruno* was a law to us; and we heard him with entire submission. *Ferdinand* ran to the port. They pointed out to him a Bourdeaux vessel which was expected to sail the following day. He enquired if there were no other vessel ready. They informed him that a small vessel had that instant weighed anchor for Nantz; but that it would be impossible to save a passage in her.

He did not doubt but it was that in which the officer had embarked with *Otourou*. *Ferdinand* could do no better; and took my passage in the Bourdeaux vessel.

My friends employed the time which preceded my departure to prepare their letters of recommendation. *Bruno* gave me one to the worthy ecclesiastic, of whom he had spoken when he related the events of his life. He has powerful friends, said *Bruno* to me, an informed mind, and a zealous heart: place your confidence in him. *Ferdinand*, who knew the world better than I, and who knew that gold is necessary even to innocence, added an unlimited letter of credit on his banker; compelled me to accept it; and promised to follow me speedily to France.

Duménil, whom I had not yet seen, entered. I was about to seek you, said I, to bid you farewell; and I explained to him the subject of my abrupt departure. He paused a moment; then said to my friends, alone! In France where he has never been! He will be cruelly embarrassed! Why may not I, my dear *Ferdinand*, as I designed to have embarked with you, hasten my departure
and

and sail with *Itanoko* ? I will immediately prepare my papers and the necessaries for my voyage, and leave to your care the rest of the property I design to convey to Europe.

His friendly resolution was applauded by all ; and I felt it pour an unlooked for comfort into my heart. I should now be blessed with the company of a man, who accustomed to European manners would level difficulties that I should find insurmountable ; and a bosom in which I could deposit my tears, my anxieties, my alarms.

At midnight, our friends conducted *Duménil* and I to the ship. They embraced us tenderly. They recommended me to moderate a sensibility which might injure my health, and that warmth of mind which, in France, might act contrary to the interests of the unfortunate *Otourou* ; and we separated with the flattering hope of soon meeting again.

Our voyage was fortunate and speedy ; and *Duménil*, to satisfy the eagerness of my wishes, bought a carriage in which we posted to Paris without a moment's stay at Bourdeaux.

A crowd of objects, which in this journey, in a different temper of mind,

would have so strongly interested my curiosity, almost all escaped my attention; and would altogether, had it not been for *Duménil*, who compelled me to admire the opulence of the country, the magnificence of the cities, and the wonderful vivacity of the people. He would not suffer me to pass the banks of the Loire without noticing the prodigious assemblage of antique simplicity, and modern pomp. There we saw the proud palace and the modest cottage approach each other, without jealousy. There we beheld the peaceful shepherd abandoning himself to a tender and innocent flame, at the feet of monuments on which were engraven the follies of kings.

We arrived at Paris. I flew, at once, to the officer who had given me his address. I found him; he had arrived but four hours before us. He spoke to me of my friend. *Otourou* had betrayed, he informed me, no sorrow during the voyage; but had always spoken with the tranquillity of an undisturbed mind, and with a proud indifference for the opinions of men. I recognised the character of *Otourou*. I then recalled to the officer's memory the promise he had given

given me to conduct me to my friend. That does not altogether depend on me, he answered; but prepare a memorial, and I will procure it to be presented to the minister; and, I do not doubt but he will grant the permission you require.

I was compelled, then, to moderate my impatience; and I began to experience the fatal delays of form. The officer humanely endeavoured to calm my mind by assuring me my friend was well; and that if there was any thing which I judged might lessen the inconvenience of his situation, he would be in haste to procure it for him.

Acquaint him of my arrival, said I; that will, at least, be some comfort to him. The officer promised to oblige me; and I, informed of European customs in this respect by *Duméril*, left a rouleau of five and twenty guineas on his chimney, as a reward for his care of *Otourou*.

Duméril and I afterwards visited all those to whom *Ferdinand's* letters of recommendation were addressed; and we were obliged to detail to each all the reasons which led us to claim their protection. Their politeness did not astonish me: I looked for it. But the cha-

rafter of the French surprized me at each instant. I saw them give a vague kind of attention, and even that interrupted by meereft trifles, to a recital which, I imagined, ought to have entered into their souls. In this place, the arrival of a head-drefs would not permit our patrons to hear any thing further at that time. In another, a party to the theatre accidentally compelled them to postpone our audience to a future day. Here, chocolate was offered us in the most impassioned moment of our narration. There, the awkwardness of a lacquey roused, by the fall of a little porcelaine, the sensibility of the master who had coldly listened to us. Were we ready to quit them, we were then, overwhelmed with vows, promises, protestations, assurances.

We reserved our visit to the friend of *Bruno* for our last. With him, we found modest simplicity, tender interest, and prudence matured by years. He could not repress some gentle tears at the name of *Bruno*. Is he happy? said he. Yes: we answered, happy in the enthusiasm of a feeling mind, and in the exercise of universal benevolence. It is well; returned the venerable ecclesiastic.
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He enjoys the reward which I promised to the exercise of his virtue.

He now turned his attention to our immediate business. He spoke to us, alike without pride or meanness, of the powerful persons whom he reckoned among his friends. Too wise to talk of the certainty of a success which depended on the judgment of men, he confined himself to assurances of his assiduities, which he promised without affectation.

He requested a memorial from us. He undertook to deliver it himself to the minister; and to strengthen it by the interest of persons of the first rank.

Notwithstanding the hope which this invaluable patronage gave me, my mind was harraßed with delays that to me were inconceivable. A savage, as I might yet call myself, I had no comprehension why the truth should be enveloped in such numerous veils, or why men should be so tardy to remove them. Next to the desire of seeing *Otourou*, I was most tormented by my ignorance respecting his accuser and the crime with which he was charged. Why, said I, should not these be as conspicuous as the burning sun? Yet is all hid in darkest obscurity! I must wait with patience

(if patience can visit such a mind as mine, in such a situation) till time shall give me the information which I cannot otherwise procure.

In a few days I received a letter from the officer which announced to me a permission to see *Otourou*: but in his presence. *Duménil* had gone with the ecclesiastic to the court which was then at Fontainebleau. I was alone then. I flung myself into a carriage. I hastened to the officer's dwelling, and we were soon at Vincennes, where the gates were open to us. I flew into the arms of *Otourou*. Neither of us could speak. Our feelings during some moments imposed silence on us.

Otourou was the first to find words. What anguish do I not cost you? And my father—Is not my father with you?

I informed him of all: of the time of our arrival, the delays we experienced, the hope we entertained. Afterwards I led him, designedly, into a conversation on the period in which he had travelled in France with *Dumont*. He detailed this journey to us with his usual frankness; omitting not the smallest circumstance.

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The officer, who saw my motive, said—I have no degree of certainty, but I believe that the facts of which *Otourou* is accused are of a later date, and have happened in the Isles. Ah then! I cried, again I breathe! His innocence, there, is within the reach of proof.

We passed four hours with *Otourou*. Well as I knew him, I was compelled to view him with new admiration. The terror of the place, in which he was, moved him not. My presence had even produced the gaiety it was always wont to do; and, far from my being obliged to solace him, he was compelled to be my consolation.

At length, the officer informed me that his duty compelled him to retire; and *Otourou* and I embraced and separated.

I returned to Paris, and fled to the house of the Abbé *de S***, (that was the name of *Bruno's* friend); he had arrived from Fontainebleau with *Duménil*. Ah! I demanded, what success? What have you learned? My worthy *Itanoko*, answered the Abbé *de S***, be patient, alarm not yourself; yet, this business is involved in more difficulty than I expected, and I fear it will consume much time.

time. How! I cried with dismay. Come, said he, we will have no despair. We shall yet see a happy issue to all. But your unfortunate friend must, in the mean time, endure much; and this causes me great inquietude.

The minister received us, continued the Abbé *de S***, with goodness; and, in respect to my age, instantly examined the subject of our memorial. The liberty of the person in question, said he to us, is not in my power. The crime is of too enormous a nature. He is charged with a rape.

Impossible! I cried. I believe as you, returned the Abbé *de S***, that it is impossible: but attend to me. My lord, I said to the minister, the manners of this young negro are well known. He is no slave; and if you knew the circumstances of his life you would agree that no one is more worthy of your services. Pardon me the observation, replied the minister, but is it not possible that your candour has been deceived? The memorial which has been presented to me perhaps might be sufficient to convince you; but it is accompanied by documents that include such proofs as are unquestionable. The woman herself complains, in her
own

own hand writing, of the unworthy ravisher. You feel, continued the minister, that after this I could not refuse the interference of authority: however, as you interest yourself in the fate of this young man, see the banker *de L—* (he presented the memorial to me) and endeavour to suppress this affair before it comes into the courts of justice. Let the banker be contented, and I will restore the young man to liberty. You will see that this is all I can do for you.

Ever surrounded with obscurity! Ever entangled with obstacles! I cried with bitterness.

Our impatience is useless, said the Abbé *de S***. Here is the banker's address. Visit him to-morrow. All depends on his explications.

I looked at the address. The circumstance is surprising, I said: this is the same banker on whom *Ferdinand* has given me his letter of credit. And fortunately so; said the Abbé *de S***. It is already a happy commencement of your connection. Adieu! I must retire to rest; but I will expect you both to-morrow. You shall dine with a youth who is my nephew; he has visited the isles, and may be able to amuse you. *Dumé-*

nil

and I took our leave, for the night, of the worthy ecclesiastic.

It was impossible for me to sleep. Dreadful condition of humanity! said I. Vices have so disguised themselves as to compel the laws to trouble the peace of innocence! Yet we desire to live with these men! We seek their society! Ah! let us fly them!

In proportion as the night advanced so did my agitation increase. Fain would I have destroyed the unhappy tendency of my thoughts. *Otourou*, said I, is not sullied by being suspected; and has not Providence drawn us both from a labyrinth yet more dark, more terribly involved than this? And do I now doubt his assistance? His protection is not like that of men, subject to caprice, to time, to circumstances.

Such were the weapons which my reason opposed to my heart. But this indefinable heart combatted with yet more violence than reason. I could not subdue it: I could no longer resist it: I sprang out of my bed.

Inconceivable circumstances! cried I: explain yourselves, and finish my torture!

In

In the morning I found *Duménil* indisposed with fatigues and vexation; and I was compelled to proceed to the banker's without his company. I asked the porter if his master could yet be seen. He answered coarsely that he was not at home.——“And when will he return?”——“I know nothing of it. He is in the country.”——“Well, but I wish to speak to him.”——“You are not singular. Every body wants to speak to him.”——“My business is urgent.”——“Well! He is not here.”——“But is there no one to whom I can address myself? Does your master confide in no person of his house?”——“Yes: his cashier.”——“It is fortunate: conduct me to him.”——“He has been in Brittany these eight days.”——“And when does he return?”——“To-morrow night: so, if you will wait, you may see him.”——“Wait!——Wait!——But shall I be sure!”——“Yes: he will be here to-morrow evening at five: certainly.”

Duménil was surprised to see me return so soon. I recounted to him what had passed. He exhorted me to be patient. Such is Paris, said he. The most pressing business languishes there. It is a world,

world, in which you never encounter those whom you want.

Duménil would now accompany me to the Abbé *de S***; we proceeded to his house; and I informed him also of my bitter disappointment. I feel your sufferings, said he; but what can be done? To-morrow, you will be more fortunate. This cashier must know something. The banker cannot be absent without confiding his concerns to him. Courage, then; and a truce to vexations! Come: let me enjoy without mixture the pleasure which I promise myself in seeing you, for the first time, at my table. My nephew writes a letter in my library. He will soon have finished, and I will introduce him to you.

In a little time the abbé sent to see if his nephew was ready; and we saw him appear with the messenger.

Oh thou first ray of happiness which pervaded the darkest gloom of my life! ah! never fade from my memory!

I raised my eyes to the young man.
—Ah, my God! I cried. But I had not power to move. He recollected me; and eagerly flew to embrace me.
—It was the youth who had been equerry to *Theodore*. *Ilanoko!* he exclaimed.
Does

Does *Itanoko* live? Alas! Have I not injured you? Ah, I have too readily believed appearances, in opposition to the virtue of a man!

The Abbé *de S***, to whom I had related my adventures, speedily recognised in his nephew, the man who had aided my flight when my life was threatened by *Theodore*. While I had recounted my history to him, my respect for *Honoria* had made me conceal the name of her brother.

But how came it, said I to this young man (whose name was *Francis*) that you were so suddenly and so speedily snatched from my affection and gratitude? Twenty times have I made enquiries concerning you, yet learnt not any thing of your fate. Alas, he answered, humanity called me away. Dreading the sight of *Honoria's* tears, detesting a place which presented nothing to me but the goring blood of the victims of vice, shall I also confess——yielding to the general prejudice against you; in fine, informed that the unfortunate object, who, in the midst of this scene of horror, seemed the only one that ought to interest my feeling, was in a place of security, I departed to join her. I travelled into
the

the Spanish territory to which I had directed her flight, and soon found her. I promised her (it was all I had to promise) my unwearied cares, and the goodness of my uncle, to protect her till we should gain intelligence of her father. We embarked for Europe. Flying from a country whose remembrance wounded our hearts, we arrived at Paris, where the beneficence of my uncle fulfilled the hope I had entertained in behalf of an object at once demanding my esteem and pity.

Ah! of whom do you speak? I cried. How then, answered *Francis*, have you forgot the crimes of *Theodore*? His odious passion——The woman whom——

Every word beside was lost to me. I would have pronounced the name of *Amelia*. It expired on my lips. I trembled. The good abbé and his nephew supported me. I had need of their aid, for my strength abandoned me.

The worthy ecclesiastic hastened to temper the violence of one sentiment by the remembrance of another. He took my hand, and said with gentleness to me, indeed I do not now recognise *Isakaka*. You who have supported such fearful changes of fortune, have you not
now

now courage to withstand the first emotions of joy? Do you thus abandon yourself? What then will become of the unfortunate *Otourou*? Your condition is ingratitude to him!

This wise conduct did more to recal me than all the assistance which could have been lavished on me. It abated the vehement heat which had been suddenly precipitated, as a torrent of fire, into my veins.

I will live! cried I, making an effort to recall my thoughts. Yes, I will live for *Otourou*! But let me see *Amelia*! Let me see her if you would preserve my reason! I will conduct you, said *Francis*. Stay, replied the abbé; your unexpected appearance might destroy her. She is persuaded that you no longer exist. I have placed her in a religious house; an asylum which her situation seemed to require. I will write to the abbess. I will beseech her to communicate the intelligence to *Amelia* by degrees. The delay will be favourable even to yourself. Your joy will be the purer; because, less the impulse of momentary emotions. He left us to write the letter.

I cannot conceive, said *Duménil*, how *Amelia* could have preserved such an astonishing

nishing silence! She must, doubtless, have spoken to you of *Itanoko*? You would not conceal from her that he was known to you? Why then not write to him? Why not inform herself——

Francis interrupted him. *Amelia* herself, said he, saw *Itanoko*.——But I will leave to her the task of recounting her own misfortunes. Her silence surprises you. Lay the guilt of it on me alone. Yes: my dear *Itanoko*, it was my crime.

Francis confessed, with unfeigned sorrow and unrestrained candour, that he had not relied on my innocence, and had communicated the frightful intelligence to the wounded mind of *Amelia*. I believed it to be necessary, said he, to extinguish a hope which I thought vain, and which I saw preyed on her soul. My attachment for the unfortunate *Amelia* was the cause. Will you not pardon it, *Itanoko*? Ah! the excuse is too dear to me!——cried I, folding him in my arms. But how was she persuaded to follow you? She knew that *Otourou* waited for her. So has she since told me, replied *Francis*. But chance conducted the mysterious scene. *Otourou* wished to save *Amelia*, I also wished it; and the design of *Otourou*, which I knew not, insured the

the success of mine, of which he was ignorant.

You recollect, he continued, the indignation with which the conduct of *Theodore* inspired me? The unfortunate female, who seemed destined to fall a victim to his villainy, reproached my feelings; nor could I rest till I had resolved to hazard all for her deliverance. The firmness with which she had opposed her tyrant assured me that she would seize, with joy, the first opportunity of flight. I made myself master therefore of the confidence of two negroes. The employment of one of these lay in the outer parts of the dwelling: and that of the other, within the house. I designed the latter to facilitate her escape; and I proposed that the other should conduct her to the Spanish territory. They were intelligent and expert. They comprehended my plan entirely, and served me with fidelity. Every thing seemed to forward my attempt. The overseer, to whom alone the care of *Amelia* had been entrusted, was confined to his bed by a wound in his leg, which was a small part of the punishment that his baseness had well deserved. I therefore now fixed, for the time of *Amelia's* escape, the evening

evening of the day on which (I have before told you, *Itanoko*) *Theodore* was to depart for the city.

On that evening (*Francis* continued) the negro who resided within the house entered the apartment of *Amelia*, under pretence of carrying her some refreshment. Fearing a surprize if the affair was not executed speedily, I had ordered this negro to stay not a moment with *Amelia*, further than to speak the few words which I had put into his mouth. He accordingly said to her in a low voice—All is ready for your flight; the negro waits for you below. Be prepared: in a quarter of an hour, I will return, and conduct you. So strangely did events concur, that this was the same evening on which she expected *Otourou*. She instantly, then, imagined that the message came from him; and did not hesitate. She was ready when the negro returned; they descended without noise; got out of the house successfully; and the other negro took her under his care. The first (according to the instructions I had given him, and which were designed to prevent suspicion resting on any of the domestics) again entered the apartment of *Amelia*;
bolted

bolted the door within; attached a ladder to the window; got out of the house by this ladder; left it there; and retired, without being discovered.

Judge of the fury and terror of the overseer, when the next day he was informed of *Amelia's* flight. By the most awful threats, he imposed silence on the whole house. He caused the ladder to be left in the same position; and when we returned the following night the impostor swore to *Theodore* that he had scarcely quitted *Amelia* a few minutes before. The suspicions of all were turned toward you. I ran to warn you of your danger; and you know the rest.

The Abbé de S*, entered at this moment. He had dispatched a servant with his letter, and we placed ourselves at table. I thought only of the return of the messenger; nor could any effort of my friends divert my attention.

At length, he came with the answer of the abbess. She invited us to attend her at six in the evening. She condescendingly promised to receive us in the exterior part of the house without the grate, to leave us more at liberty, and seemed to hope that she should be able sufficiently to prepare the mind of *Amelia*. We had

had not more than two hours to wait. Years have appeared shorter to me ! The abbé procured a carriage ; and we departed.

Often have I endured an anguish which I have thought could not be increased to greater agony. Often, have I thought my soul would not exist beneath it. Yet, never had I suffered so much as in this instance. An universal trembling seized my limbs ; and the wildest apprehensions shook my heart.

The carriage had stood a moment still ; and they had twice told me that we had reached the house, before I could at all resume my recollection. I then attempted to spring to the door : in vain. My friends saw themselves compelled to take me in their arms. I somewhat recovered myself, and with difficulty ascended the stairs. The abbess received me with the tenderest pity. Fear nothing, said she, *Amelia* is informed of all.

She appeared—I saw her—She ran with open arms—I fell at her feet—I felt her hand pressing on my heart—No words, no sighs, no tears, came to express our feelings !

The

The spectators trembled for our safety. They approached us. They spoke to us. They would have separated us. It was in vain: she was now in my arms. It shall be for ever! I cried. Speech rushed upon me, and I raved out all my joy. My father! Oh, my father! exclaimed *Amelia*. You are not here! He shall be restored to us! I cried.

My hope mounted on the wings of rapture, and saw every thing within its reach.

Happily, by degrees, the delirium subsided. The murmur of sentiment succeeded; and, then, for a moment, happiness without a mixture of anguish!

The abbess, whose respectable old age added dignity to the virtues of a feeling mind, had conceived the affection of a mother for *Amelia*. At length I perceived the little attention which I had paid to this venerable woman. Pardon, said I, madam, the disorder of my conduct; but happiness is not familiar to me; pardon my inattention! You need no excuse, she replied. What respect, what attention, is worth the pleasure you have given me! But, added she, smiling, you owe me your gratitude, and I will have an immediate proof of it. You

may imagine there is nothing that is hid from me which concerns you, and which is within the knowledge of *Amelia*. It is yours, to make me altogether acquainted with the man whom I am now impatient to know.

I saw in the eyes of *Amelia* the burning desire she had to hear me; and I suffered not myself to be further intreated. The recital cost her many tears. But what tears? How different from those which she had shed in Africa! Which she had shed in a place made for negroe's tears, in the baleful islands of America! We were again united, and all wretchedness effaced!

But have I not, said I, acquired a right to make a request in my turn? You have, said *Amelia*, who understood my wishes; and, though I would gladly forbear to recal some cruel moments to my mind, my heart is yet too proud of its fidelity to *Itanoko*, to deny the recital of any part of what it cost me.

Otourou has faithfully informed you of every circumstance since our losing you in Africa, till the hour I was torn from his protection in that fatal island. May I soon see him again! Not even the satisfaction of this moment, *Itanoko*, can make

make me forget what I owe to his constant friendship!

You know the manner in which I was taken from him. But *Otourou* has been too modest to give you all the truth of his courage. Wholly engaged in defending me, he thought not of himself. He long made the noblest resistance against a multitude, and it was in this unequal combat that he laid *Theodore* at his feet. At length, he was overpowered, and I doubted not that my eyes had seen him for the last time.

Ah, *Itanoko*, think what passed at that instant in the mind of the unfortunate *Amelia*! Yet, I felt that the moment required courage, and I collected all the powers of my mind. Be proud, my heart! I exclaimed. In misfortune, inflexibility is a virtue. It is the safeguard of honour!

I was not long in discovering the cause which led to my misfortune. I saw it in the elegance of the dwelling to which I was conducted, in the attentions which were paid me, and in the language of an old woman who never quitted me. In a few days, *Theodore*, the detestable enemy of my peace, entered the apartment in which I was confined. Prayers,
K 2
tears,

tears, professions of love, menaces, presents, all were essayed with profusion; and all were disdained. At length, the miserable wretch offered me his hand; and I felt my indignation roused more by that than by all his other insults. Think you that forms, cried I, alter the nature of things? Know, European, that I will have, for a spouse, none but the man whom I esteem.

Incensed by my refusal, excited by the base counsels of the despicable woman, whom he had placed over me; in fine, yielding up his mind to the fierce cruelty of his character, violence succeeded to importunities. He thought that fear, want, and sufferings, would subdue my resolution; but he knew me not.

I was suddenly hurried from my chamber, dragged into a dark and damp vault, and my limbs were loaden with chains. The wretched inhabitants of the house in which I was confined had basely sold themselves, and had become the tools of the still baser *Theodore*. Ah, what a condition for a woman who had been educated amid tenderness, and reared on the lap of happiness! I had but one hope left. I had concealed a knife
in

in despite of all their vigilance. In my moments of solitude, I pressed it to my bosom as the guardian of my honour.

Thus passed eight days, and still my mind did not abate of its independence. Yet, *Theodore* believed that the aspect of eternal slavery would compel me to bend before him, and to throw myself on his mercy. I pardon him the suspicion. His heart was not made to know me. He appeared in my dungeon; a man accompanied him. Here, said he, is the obstinate slave whom I wish to sell you. Your slave! said I. Your fetters have not changed my condition! While my soul shall remain pure, *Amelia* shall be free! I shall be glad to buy her, said the stranger; and then they both remained silent during some minutes. *Theodore* sought, with an attentive eye, for the effect which he thought this answer would produce on me. I was unmoved. My condition for a moment seemed to touch his soul. Astonishing woman! said he: at least condescend to entreat my pardon. Your pardon! I cried. Find a tiger, let him loose upon me, and I will fly to meet him with joy! My words rekindled his fury. I will perish, said he,

he, as he left me, or I will triumph over you! Then, replied I, you shall perish!

On the following day, the horrible old woman whom I had not seen during my abode in the dungeon, a great Indian Moor who served *Theodore*, and another man, entered my dismal abode. They removed my fetters; and, doubtless, fearing my cries, they bound an handkerchief upon my mouth. I could not walk. They were obliged to carry me in their arms, and they placed me in a carriage, on the same seat with *Theodore*. When we were at some distance from the city, they removed the handkerchief from my mouth, which had almost stifled me; and *Theodore* pressed me to speak. During the whole way, I suffered not a word to escape me. Whither do they conduct me? thought I. I knew not, nor what I was next to endure!

Ah, they were conducting me to the place in which was my *Itanoko*! To a place which I would have preferred to a world, and from which *Theodore*, had he known all, would have fled as from death!

The solitary situation of this house cruelly alarmed my mind. I now
thought

thought myself totally lost. Ah! said I, shrink not, my soul! and dear instrument of my safety, I continued pressing the knife to my lips, fail not my purpose!

It was about three in the morning when we arrived at this plantation. Theodore passed the greater part of the day with me, and the evening drew near, and I had not yet spoke. At length I could no longer contain my feelings, and our conversation was earnest on both sides. I boldly represented to him the injustice, the barbarity, the cowardice of his conduct to me. The energy of truth, the vehemence of feeling confounded him. I saw him turn pale. He almost repented; and, confiding in the ascendancy of virtue over vice, I began to hope that I should subdue him. He listened to me sitting; I was on my feet; and, in my agitation, I sometimes crossed the room. I approached the window, and by accident cast my eyes over a garden. Ah, gracious God! I saw my *Itanoko*! Nature is stronger than prudence. A word might bring ruin on myself, might bring ruin on *Itanoko*. Nature snatched the word from me: I shrieked and cried—Oh, my *Itanoko*!

The fury of *Theodore* was now madness. Is this, then, he cried, the cold virtue which disdains me? Despicable woman—who cannot feel the honour I would do you! But, I will destroy the object of your base passion.

Ah, this was the rock on which alone my honour could be destroyed. I threw myself at his feet. To yield or lose you *Itanoko* was the choice which he gave me; and he left me to a combat, from the recollection of which my soul now flies with terror!

He came on the following night to hear my resolves. My honour triumphed; and he pronounced my fatal sentence, with the coldness of premeditated cruelty. He left me. *Otsurou* appeared at my window. I concluded this must be the dream of my imagination. But I heard him; he spoke to me; and I no longer doubted. To my other terrors were now added the alarms of friendship. My agitation bewildered my mind. I scarce knew what he said to me, what I said to him; but I pressed him to be gone. He did go, and I had not pronounced your name! Ah, I have not told him, said I, the secret that would have saved us all! The courage
of

of *Itanoko* and *Otourou* would have crushed my base oppressors!—As I reflected my mind fled from this idea with fear, and I was happy in a silence which the confusion of my ideas had alone occasioned. What a scene had not a single word produced! Ah, no, *Otourou*, *Itanoko*! I cried. You shall weep for *Amelia* without your tears being mingled with blood!

All remained in silence till the noon of the following day. I heard not the usual tumult of the house, and the stillness chilled me. I was ignorant that my butcher had removed all but the immediate instruments of his purpose from the house. At noon, I heard him at my door. It was fastened, and he threatened to break it down if I did not open it. I felt my courage prepared for all, and I threw open the door to him. Terrifying moment! *Theodore* appeared, accompanied by the basest of his agents. Without the preparation of a word, he swore that I should now yield to his desires, or be dragged to view *Itanoko's* death.

I have, said I, made my choice. I love *Itanoko*. To preserve him I would give my blood, my life, my eternal ex-

istence, but not my virtue. Let him die. I will not save him at a price which would render me unworthy of him.

Vainly, during more than an hour, he employed supplications, menaces, caresses, all the fallies of passion, all the meanness of vice. Silence (confounding him almost beyond his endurance) was my sole answer, and he left me with the wildest words of fury. My firmness died away. Never shall woman incur a greater danger! I would have recalled him. My enfeebled cry could not pass my lips. Soon he returned, with a bloody poignard in his hand. Ah, God! I cried—and have you dared—Come! he answered. See him weltering in his blood! Come, and enjoy the pangs of his death! Yes, villain, I replied, I will go. Yes, you shall see me bid him a last farewell!

Rage and despair animated me, and I rose. I wished to proceed, but I could not take a step. He dragged me himself to a distant room, where I saw a negro extended on the floor. His height appeared to be yours. But his face was covered; the blood flowed profusely from his breast and side. I flew to throw myself on his expiring body. I snatched the
the

the covering from his face. I saw the base, the monstrous artifice. The swiftest joy, the profoundest disdain, took the place of terror in my heart. I cast a look of contempt on *Theodore* and his accomplices; and with a tranquil pace, I returned to my chamber.

Roused with shame, perhaps with remorse, for this waste of barbarity, they followed me, and I now beheld the last instant of my danger. I seized the instrument which I had kept concealed. Approach me! said I. *Theodore* turned pale, and recoiled. His mercenary accomplice, resolved to serve him at all events, suddenly advanced and seized me. We struggled; I fell; and in the conflict, he received a deep wound in his leg. The anguish of his wound gave me opportunity to disengage myself, and I rose. Rage gave me strength, and I rushed upon *Theodore*. They were both seized with terror, and they fled.

I will no longer abuse your patience, continued *Amelia*. You know the important service which was rendered me by the worthy nephew of the Abbé de S**; the goodness of his uncle; and yours, my benefactress, said she, taking the hand of the abbess. You, madam, have

have been witness of the tears I have shed over the fate of *Itanoko*, and the loss of my father. But you never will perfectly know the gratitude of *Amelia*."

The hours filled with sensations like these, escape as a dream. It was past midnight, and we had no thought of retiring. The Abbé *de S*** recollected the time, and would have apologized to the abbess. Why so? said this worthy woman. I have never known a more delicious evening; and if I consent that we now separate, it is on condition that you dine with me, and that the day shall be at my disposal. We promised her; for it seemed as though we formed but one family; and the desire of meeting again was equally earnest in each.

When *Duménil* and I returned to our hotel, we found a packet addressed to me from *Ferdinand*. I opened it with transport, and learned that *Ferdinand* and *Honoré* had landed at Havre after a fortunate passage. But he informed me that *Honoré* was so much indisposed by the voyage, that she was not in a condition to travel post to Paris; and, as some business required his own presence there immediately, he requested that

Duménil

Duménil (unless his assistance should be particularly needful to me) would join him with as much speed as possible; that he might be able to leave *Honorio* with less uneasiness, to follow him, by easy journies to Paris, accompanied by *Duménil*.

Duménil resolved to set off immediately; and, it being then about two in the morning, he hoped to reach Havre before the ensuing night. I scarce could restrain my desire of going with *Duménil*. Even the happiness of passing the day with *Amelia* would have yielded to the sacred engagements of gratitude; but six in the evening of the same day was the hour in which I expected to see the banker's cashier, and friendship and humanity imposed silence on every other consideration.

As *Duménil* prepared for his departure, I said to him—do you not find an air of sorrow in the letter of *Ferdinand*? His weariness, replied *Duménil*, after a long voyage; or rather, perhaps, his being compelled to leave *Honorio* for a few days, may have somewhat affected him; but let not your sensibility imagine causes of distress. He easily persuaded me that my apprehensions were groundless. I embraced

embraced him; he departed; and I went to my chamber to take some repose, of which I now stood greatly in need after the violent tumults of the preceding day.

I had found *Amelia*; I should soon see *Honoria* and *Ferdinand*; I had powerful friends, who would make the most diligent enquiries respecting *Dumont*, and I flattered myself we should discover his retreat; my fortune surpassed even my wishes, for my friends had made me master of an annual income of more than five and twenty thousand livres; *Otouro* was innocent, and must again be free;—sleep overtook my mind engaged in these reflections, and never was sleep more gentle.

Francis entered my chamber while I yet slept. You forget, said he, waking me, that sleep is so much deducted from the enjoyments of the soul. True, I answered, it should have been made for the unfortunate alone. I arose and informed him of *Duménil's* departure. We took our chocolate together, and then proceeded to the convent, to which his uncle the abbé was already gone.

The history of this day will be easily imagined. But oh, what a day! Filled
with

with tender effusions, with mutual remembrances, each word leading to a new thought, and the mouth at length becoming insufficient for the crowd of thoughts! The abbess spoke of our marriage, and wished us to fix a day for its solemnization. *Amelia* confessed that she thought not of that day without pleasure; but she called to our mind the uncertainty in which she was respecting her parents. The feeling was too pure to be opposed by any argument; and notwithstanding the violence it did my affection, I yielded to it; not without some degree of satisfaction. The Abbé *de S*** undertook to make every enquiry respecting *Dumont*, and scarce seemed to doubt success.

The clock struck five, and I arose to go to the banker's house. I left my friends, who, interested in the fate of *Olourou*, promised to wait my return.

The porter recollected me, and informed me that the cashier had arrived, and expected my visit. He conducted me to his apartment, but left me in the antichamber to announce my arrival. This single minute was awful to my feelings! He returned, and desired me to enter.

enter. I advanced, and saw the cashier rise to receive me.

He flew and caught me in his arms. Ah, it was *Dumont* that pressed me to his bosom! My friend! my child! my *Itanoko*! He uttered, as if doubting himself. Ah! I cried—and do I see you, my too generous friend! And may I yet pay you for all the sorrows, all the fatigues, which you have suffered for me! Oh *Itanoko*, he said, what a loss have I endured! To see you recalls all my anguish. What is become of my unhappy daughter? Why is not she here to augment our joy?

I was instantly ready to inform him of all that respected *Amelia*, but prudence as instantly stayed me; and I trembled when I considered how fatal the sudden and violent emotion might be to him. He appeared to be extremely meagre, and borne down by infirmities; and I saw that much preparation was necessary to introduce the intelligence which my heart almost refused to conceal. When our mutual transports had somewhat subsided, I turned the conversation, as if carelessly to the latter part of my adventures, and I entered into the matter which immediately concerned *Orourou*.

Ah!

Ah! said he—speak not of him! Forget a wretch who has unworthily betrayed me, and given me the deepest wound which can be struck to the heart of a father! Alas, how did I once love him, and how has he paid me for all my tenderness! But this—*Ilanoko*, and we will name him no more: the banker did but lend me his influence; it was at my instance that *Otourou* was cast into prison. I have no longer a daughter! you no longer a lover! and the crimes of that traitor has torn her from us both!

The instantaneous pardon of *Otourou* could not have delighted me more than this discourse. To know his accuser and the crime imputed to him, was to be sure of his innocence and his liberty. Beware, said I to *Dumont*, that some appearances do not deceive you. When you know *Otourou*, you will be sorry to have suspected him. Would to God! replied he—that it were nothing but suspicion! I have but too many proofs!

He arose, and brought me some papers from his cabinet. Alas! he continued—on the frightful day in which I thought you already restored to us, and in which you was a second time torn from us, having been with the magistrate to obtain

tain from him an assistance which might enable us to discover you, I returned on board my vessel: I expected to have found my daughter there, who, my heart told me, must need all my consolations. She had not been seen. Conceive my inquietude, my torments! What could I say to a mother, yielding to her apprehensions? Ah! what could I say to my agonizing heart? The night passed, and yet no news! Scarcely was it day when a letter was brought to me, by a boat belonging to the port. It came from a young man, a stranger to me, who subscribed himself *Theodore de C——*. Alas Heaven has not permitted me to repay his kind benefaction! This is the letter.

I took it, and read it as follows:

“ Sir,

You are unknown to me, yet my heart feels for you. Yesterday evening, as I walked on the shore, a young person (whom I believe to be your daughter, having seen her more than once land from your ship, and also having seen your sailors treat her with respect) was on the point of stepping into your boat. A negro, who belongs to you, forcibly prevented her; and, notwithstanding

standing her cries and resistance, he hurried her away with violence, assisted by some accomplices. His name is *Oiourou*: your daughter too often pronounced the name with rage and indignation to permit me ever to forget it. Humanity urged me in behalf of the sufferer, but I saw it would be in vain to oppose myself to the brutality of these men; and to inform you of the disaster was all that remained in my power. As this deed has all the air of a rape, the villain undoubtedly fled with his prey to the Spanish part of this island. I should judge, therefore, it would be most advisable for you to hasten to the Spanish ports, as it is probable he designs to sail from one of them. Trouble not yourself to seek for me: too young to offer you any aid, all my services must be included in this advice, which, though cruel to your feelings, is yet necessary.

I am, &c.

Theodore de C——."

Are not, I thought, the persecutions of the wicked during their life sufficient; must they yet pursue virtue from the depth of the tomb? But how could *Theodore*, at that period, have made himself master of *Oiourou's* name? Ah—now I see

see it. He has intercepted the letter which the unfortunate *Otourou* wrote to *Dumont* when he entered his prison.

While these reflections passed in my mind, *Dumont* continued: this letter was the instant death of my wife; and, though I could scarce resist the crowd of misfortunes which surrounded me, I went on shore to give information to the ministers of justice of what had happened. I sailed soon after, and ran through the Spanish ports; but all my researches were in vain. At length, the diminution of my funds compelled me to sail for France. There I sold my vessel, and my commercial knowledge procured me the situation which I have held in this house. Ever occupied with the cause of my sorrow, ever revolving all the circumstances of it in my mind, I confess to you I felt, at times, extreme difficulty to believe *Otourou* culpable on the mere credit of *Theodore de C——*'s letter; but too soon even the small consolation of doubt was not left me. The banker received letters from his correspondent at St. Domingo, requesting him to make enquiries concerning me; and, if possible, to remit to me the written evidence which was subjoined to his packet of letters.

ters. The banker instantly gave it to me, and I read in it, that a negro named *Otourou*, having been apprehended for a murder, had been searched, and that the billet annexed to the evidence was found upon him; that this billet having an immediate connection with the declaration made by M. *Dumont*, some time past, it had been thought proper to remit it to him, in case he should chuse to prosecute the negro. This is the billet, added *Dumont*: it is the handwriting of my poor daughter!

How great was my surprize when I recognised the words which *Amelia* had written to *Theodore* at the instant of her flight, and which *Otourou* had taken from her chamber! Again, and again, had I read it, and knew every word, every letter, which it contained. What an incredible chain of events, said I, 'to myself, and how weak is the means which Providence has used to conduct us to the height of felicity? Without this billet, never, in all probability, should I have found the very persons who were necessary to my happiness!

You imagine, said I to *Dumont*, that you possess the proof of *Otourou's* guilt, and you hold in your hand, my dear *Dumont*,

mont, the sacred testimony of an exalted friendship.

I then entered into the history of the sufferings of *Amelia* and *Otourou*. *Dumont* listened; yet, at times, almost yielded to the oppression of various feelings. At the conclusion, doubt was superior to all, and he ascribed what I had related to my blind friendship for *Otourou*.—Well, I said, I will pardon the father the injury which he does to the honour of my friend, to his own friend. But would you not believe incontestible evidence? Would you have courage to hear the witness? Oh, he answered, it would be felicity to be assured of the innocence of a man whom I have loved, as I loved *Otourou*! I will bring, replied I, this invaluable witness; but prepare for the most exquisite, the most voluptuous surprize!

What would you say? cried *Dumont*, with something like expectation in his looks. Ah! what a hope rushes into my mind!

I felt that the first difficulty was surmounted. I fly, said I, to bring my witness! Dream of nothing but happiness, till I return!

I flew

I flew with the swiftness of joy to the convent. My friends turned their eager eyes upon me. I felt myself embarrassed—I knew not in what manner I could spare the sensibility of *Amelia*—I endeavoured to moderate my own agitation—My friends, I said, I have the happiest tidings to communicate! *Otourou* shall be free! cried *Amelia*, Yes, I answered—but does your heart intimate nothing better? He is already free! said she. Then, said I, you can suppose the sight of *Otourou* standing instantly before you. Do not doubt it, she replied. Let him come! Let me see him! With such courage, continued I, you could resist the violence of a more powerful surprize? Ah! cried *Amelia*—either you are the cruelest man on earth, or you have seen my father! Do you think me cruel? I answered. Ah! I understand you, said she—He lives—You have seen him—Where is he?—Ah, fly with me to his feet!

Amelia threw herself into my arms; our friends surrounded us; I communicated, with a word, the most delicious transports to their hearts.

The abbess instantly ordered her carriage, and in a minute we were all at the banker's

banker's house. I have not yet named you to *Dumont*, said I, to *Amelia*. Yet, he almost expects to see you. My friends, you shall remain in his antichamber. I will enter his apartment, and leave the door open, and *Amelia* can seize the fittest instant to appear.

We ascended to the antichamber. I entered *Dumont's* room. He walked with hasty strides, expecting me.

"Well, are you prepared to receive my witness?"—"Yes: though it were my daughter."—"Could you still think *Otourou* culpable?"—"Ah! I would to God, he were yet worthy of being my friend!

Amelia could no longer withhold herself. She cried out, ran, appeared, fell at *Dumont's* feet. My father! cried she—My father, do not accuse him! He is the model of human virtues!

Ah, what an interesting scene passed before our eyes! The daughter and father could not be separated: yet the eyes of *Amelia* sought for something further. *Dumont* understood them; for nature explained them to him. Do not demand your mother—said he, to *Amelia*, pressing her to his bosom. She enjoys the recompense of her virtues. This sorrowful

ful information spread a cloud over the gentle moment; but the present happiness, ever so powerful over the heart of man, ever so irresistible in its influence, insensibly dissipated this transient gloom, and joy took entire possession of the hour.

Amelia having satisfied the ardent curiosity of her father, I interrupted their conversation to recal *Otourou's* situation to their mind. Each minute which now prolongs his imprisonment, said I, would be a minute of guilt to us. And of anguish to my mind!—said *Dumont*.

The minister was at Paris, and the *Abbé de S*** proposed to *Dumont* that they should both wait upon him while we should return with the abbess, and expect their arrival at the convent. This benevolent lady, who never suffered an occasion of doing good to escape her, said to them—No: let the young people go to the convent, but it will be better that I should accompany you to the minister. It is late, and you will probably be refused an audience; but a visit, at such an hour, from a person of my description, will itself speak something extraordinary, and will probably open the minister's closet to us. We all thanked

the abbess for this obliging care, and *Dumont* and the Abbé de S* * proceeded with her in her carriage to the minister's residence; while *Amelia*, *Francis*, and I returned to the convent. We did not long expect them there. They came with a mandate for *Otouro*'s release, and they were desired to go and receive *Otouro* early on the following morning.

Freed from all cares, we placed ourselves at table, and this was the first repast which I had enjoyed without a mixture of anxiety since the time in which my peaceable youth had fed on fruits cultivated by the hand of *Amelia*.

When the dessert was placed on the table, and the servants had withdrawn, the abbess, addressing herself to *Dumont*, said—There is no one but myself, sir, who loses by your presence. I was the mother of *Amelia*, and her only parent; but you have come to rob me of my rights. I regret them much; for it would have been a delightful office to me to have given her to *Ilanoko*. Command, madam, replied *Dumont*; my daughter can never prove her respect to me more perfectly than in obeying your pleasure. Then, said the abbess with goodness, *Ilanoko*'s happiness shall not be delayed. My

My friend, said *Dumont*, taking my hand, you know my daughter's virtues, and those are her only portion. A poverty, which I do not lament, is all that I can offer you in my alliance. Ah, said I, casting myself at *Amelia's* feet.—Let my *Amelia* consent to my happiness, and I shall be too rich. *Amelia's* smile avowed her sentiments. You, madam, said I, to the abbess, have deigned to take the title of a mother; confirm, then, my happiness, and consent to our signing our marriage contract instantly on the arrival of *Ferdinand*. I consent, said the abbess; but I must preserve my rights entire; the ceremony must pass under my roof. *Dumont*, *Amelia*, and I, thanked her with unfeigned gratitude. The tears of beneficence flowed from her eyes: you are happy, said she, but I am still more so—and she was eager to relieve herself from the effusions of gratitude, which do but oppress generous minds.

The excess of my felicity had not made me forget my suffering friend. Before the break of day, *Dumont*, *Amelia*, and I flew to the Abbé de S**, who accompanied us to Vincennes. The gates of *Olouon's* prison were opened to us,

and soon we pressed him to our bosoms. The sight of *Amelia* and her father appeared a dream to him. He could not forbear to contemplate them, to assure himself by repeated embraces that his senses did not delude his heart.

We were in haste to bear him from the scene of his suffering, and soon presented him to the abbess. I explained to him the obligations which had been conferred on him by that lady and the Abbé de S*. Otourou possessed not the polish of European manners: his thanks were those of nature. You have pitied an unfortunate man, said he. May Heaven bless you; and, as your reward, present you frequent opportunities of comforting the afflicted!

I employed the rest of the day in reducing my marriage contract into form, and in purchasing jewels which I designed for *Amelia* and my friends. According to my calculation, *Ferdinand* must arrive during the night; or in the morning at the furthest; and I was impatient to terminate all my arrangements that nothing might interrupt the delightful moments which I promised myself I should enjoy with my friends.

OTOUROU,

Otourou, seldom thinking of himself, and now participating in the confusion of our joy, had made no enquiries into the unjust motives which caused his imprisonment; but some words which escaped *Dumont* in the transports of his friendship, his gratitude, his remorse, surprised and inquieted *Otourou*. In the evening, we being together alone, he demanded an explanation of his unfortunate affair, and I did not scruple to give it him without reserve. Imprudent! For a moment, I had forgotten *Otourou*. He heard me with an astonishment which I cannot express; I recollected his disposition, and bitterly repented my imprudence. At the conclusion of my recital, he remained a minute silent, and then said—with a look of indignation which almost arrested my blood in its course—I could never have imagined myself liable to the suspicions of *Dumont*. He changed the conversation; and we afterwards separated to take some repose, without my daring again to name the subject.

I went into his chamber, early on the following morning and was surprised not to find him there. I made enquiries among the domestics concerning him,

and one of them informed me that *Orou-*
rou had desired him to say that he found
 himself indisposed, and had gone out to
 endeavour to dissipate his illness. I con-
 cluded that he went to seek amusement
 in viewing Paris, and that we should see
 him return in the course of the day.
 While the servant spoke to me I heard a
 post-chaise arrive at the house. I looked
 out and saw *Ferdinand*. I ran to meet
 him, and threw myself into his friendly,
 faithful arms. I thought he appeared
 somewhat altered, but I attributed that
 to the fatigues of his voyage and journey.
 I eagerly interrogated him respecting
 the health of *Honoria*. Her indisposition,
 said he, is light; she follows me by short
 journeys, and I am without inquietude,
 as *Daménil* accompanies her.

I now conducted him into my apart-
 ment, and he was in haste to know *Orou-*
rou's fate. I told him all that had hap-
 pened, without the omission of a circum-
 stance, for it is one of the enjoyments
 of happiness to talk with our friends. My
 marriage contract, I added, waited only
 your presence to be completed. Yes: I
 will sign it, said he. It is all that heaven
 permits me at present to do for your
 happiness. I will dress; you shall pre-
 sent

sent me to the abbess; and, however pressing my affairs may be, I will consecrate this day entirely to you. But, said I, looking earnestly in his face, you must pardon my anxious friendship; you are no longer the same. You are sorrowful. Let us, he replied, think only of your happiness. My happiness, returned I, is already infected if you no longer place any confidence in *Ivanoko*. What would you know? said *Ferdinand*. Shall an affectionate friend cover with clouds the happiest day of your life? If you are now silent, I cried, I shall believe this friend has ceased to be such. Well, said he, listen; but, while I confide my troubles to you, I expect from you—not regret, but an example of courage. Afflict not yourself with a misfortune which I begin to regard with indifference. You have known the extent of my fortune. It is lost. Oh Heaven! I exclaimed. What do you tell me? My whole property, continued *Ferdinand*, was remitted to the banker, on whom I gave you a letter of credit; and at whose house you found *Dumont*. The first news that struck my ears, on landing, was his bankruptcy; and I have nothing but his useless acceptance, which will never

be paid.—“Does *Honor*ia know it?”

—“Yes: the dignity of her mind taught me to disdain a loss which, at first, I lamented. The wrecks of my fortune, the little ready money I have, added to the sale of mine and *Honor*ia's jewels, will leave us yet a yearly income of six thousand livres, and we shall live happily.”

—“Reduced from four hundred thousand livres income to six thousand: the fall is dreadful!” —“It is so, to people who found their happiness on wealth; but not to those who make it consist in peace of mind.”

I remained some time in a profound silence; but, finally, I sprang from these reflections, and, though not free from anguish, yet was I at least satisfied with my heart. You expect from me, said I, an example of courage, and I will give it you. I scarcely feel your loss. The loss of a vile metal, which is too frequently the property of vice. Fortune cannot deprive you of your virtues, nor of the heart of your friends; and these are the only wealth of man. Dress; let us not change any thing in the preparations that are making to celebrate my union with *Amelia*.

Ferdinand

Ferdinand pressed my hand. Now, said he, I behold my *Itanoko*. I see that firmness which I have so often admired. You flatter my glory by sparing your consolations. You have done justice to my heart.

He dressed himself with magnificence, less through inclination than to honour the nuptials of his friends, and his dress added to the natural graces of his person. We proceeded to the apartment in which I knew the abbess would be waiting for us. In fact, my friends were already assembled. Joy shone in every eye. Joy! ah! what would not a single word from me have placed in its stead?—There are moments in which even virtue is painful*. I then felt it.

No one present knew *Ferdinand*. Madam, said I to the abbess, permit me to present this gentleman to you. His name will be the best title I can give him to your friendship. This, madam,

* Never: *Itanoko* deceived himself. It was not his virtue that was painful. He secretly lamented *Ferdinand's* loss: this was his error, and this was his torture. Considering how the fortune had been gained, the loss of it was no evil; and, through whatever channel it might have come to *Ferdinand*, it was not worth a thought. T.

is *Ferdinand*. Instantly all surrounded him, all equally impatient to embrace him. Interesting, instructive sight! which too seldom meets the eyes of youth, or surely men would be otherwise. *Ferdinand*, in the midst of strangers, found a reception which too many look for in vain in the bosom of their own families. Such are the rights of a good man! Let him be named, and he finds friends.

The abbess asked me in a whisper, when the marriage contract should be brought for us to sign. I requested that it might be at eight in the evening. I have yet, said I, some trifling arrangements to make, and I shall request your permission to withdraw for a couple of hours after dinner. I spoke these last words that *Amelia* might hear them. I was desirous she should be thus accidentally informed of my absence, that she might be without inquietude, and that she should spare me some questions which I should have been at a loss to answer.

But all this time *Otourou* did not appear. I informed our friends that he had gone out to amuse himself, and his motive for it. Yet, though this explained the cause of
of

of his absence, we could not repress our uneasiness.

As soon as dinner was removed, I arose from table, and ran to consummate my sacrifice: it was done. I returned to join my friends; and, whatever transient apprehensions I might entertain of the future, my soul enjoyed the purest felicity.

I approached the abbess, to whisper a request in her ear; while I spoke, some one, who had stolen behind me, placed their hands over my eyes, and the whole company burst into laughter. My dear *Itanoko*, said the abbess, I am sorry for you; but such is the condition of our agreement.—You must name the person who holds you prisoner, or there is no marriage for you this day. I hope, madam, answered I, that *Amelia* is not a party to the agreement. Pardon me, said she—certainly so. Then, I replied, I divine the matter; *Amelia* knew that my heart would not deceive me; these are a lady's hands that cover my sight, and there is but one wanting to complete our felicity: *Honorio* is the tyrant that holds me; I am sure of it. I was not mistaken, it was *Honorio*. Her impatience to join her husband had subdued her

her indisposition, and she had proceeded post with *Duménil*. Ah, my dear *Duménil*! I said, taking his hand—how much are we obliged to you! Recompense him then, said *Dumont* to me, by loving him as your uncle. My uncle! I exclaimed. You remember, said *Dumont*, my dear brother, of whom I often spoken to you during your childhood. You now see him. What a happy event! said I, embracing them both.

I congratulated myself on seeing so many persons assembled, each of whom had conferred the greatest benefactions on me; and I felt a secret pride as I saw the hour approach, in which I hoped to shew their friend was worthy of them.

A servant entered to inform me that the notary waited below. I requested permission of the abbess to introduce him. When he came, I made him advance, and placed him at a table. He laid the parchment open before him, and was preparing to read. Come, said I, these forms of law, among friends, are disgusting. Here, every one knows my manner of thinking; and, happily, we are all of one mind. A moment's delay would be to commit a robbery on my felicity. Let us sign, and we will read it

it afterwards. *Itanoko* is right, said the abbess: we will leave the reading of contracts to marriages of interest. I took the pen, and having executed the deed, presented it to *Ferdinand*. He politely offered it to the abbess. Pardon me, I said, I know all the respect which is due to a lady, but you must permit me to govern absolutely during a few minutes. Having directed each of them to sign as I thought proper, I took the deed, and said to *Amelia*—Till this day, I flattered myself that I was in possession of all which could make my *Amelia* happy. I have no longer any thing to offer you but my heart, and that is not sufficient. Pardon me, that I have yielded to duties which appeared to me yet more sacred than love. I read astonishment in your eyes, but my conduct shall never be inexplicable to you. You see before you, *Honor**ia* and *Ferdinand*: there was a time in which their benefactions constituted my glory; at present, it might become my shame. They had immense wealth; they possess it no longer. I will not become the accomplice of fortune, and (the insolent witnesses of their indigence) revel in their property with indifference. *Ferdinand*, if I had a right to dispose of my estate,

estate, I have sold it to you, and you have just signed the bargain. This is your title. I gave him the deed which had just been executed.

I would have retired for the present, my friends detained me. *Honorio* and *Ferdinand* embracing me, said—We will not accept of this gift. We have been surprised into the execution of the deed, and it is null: we recal our consent. Ah, *Ilanoko*, have you thought of *Amelia*? Would you behold her death? You dishonour me! cried *Amelia*. Think not so of me! Then turning to me—never have I loved you more, *Ilanoko*. Your loss, if I must lose you, is frightful to my heart. But I am worthy of you. For the world, would I not see you act otherwise, though I should never behold you again.

Ah! said *Ferdinand*, with grief—To whom then shall we have recourse? Too dear enemy! he continued, taking my hand—Force me not to hate you! The hatred of *Ferdinand*! think of it, *Ilanoko*! *Ferdinand*, I replied, I know you: never will you hate a man of honour. And ah! said *Ferdinand*—Do I not know that you can never love a man who has dishonoured himself——“ But how dishonoured,

noured, *Ferdinand*?"—"By suffering myself thus to be vanquished."—
 Charming example of a sublime virtue, said *Duménil*. One of you sacrificing an ardent, successful, love, and the other, sacrificing wealth—to his honour! My young friends, you teach to each of us how delicious it is to produce the happiness of others. *Ferdinand*, accept the gift of *Itanoko*: and you shall do it without a blush. *Amelia*, give me your hand: I tender it to you, *Itanoko*, and I will add to it my fortune. Ah, great God, I cried—this felicity is too much for my heart!

Honorina and *Ferdinand* still defended themselves, and could not be persuaded to yield. During this time, *Dumont* had taken up the deed, and seemed to be looking on it with profound meditation. At length, he waved his hand for silence, and we all listened. Why said he, do I see on this deed the name of *de C—*? This gentleman is not, however, the *Theodore de C—* whose letter I have shewn to you, *Itanoko*. You have told me he was the son of M. *Urban*. It is true, I answered; and you must pardon my negligence. I ought to have presented him here by the name to which he is entitled;

titled; but the endearing habit of calling these my friends—*Honor**a* and *Ferdinand*, has prevailed over ceremony. *Honor**a* is the sister of *Theodore de C—*, who is no more; and her husband, when he received her hand, took the name of *de C—* at the request of her dying father. This gentleman then, said *Dumont*, is the M. *de C—* who lately remitted his property to Europe. The same, replied *Ferdinand*. Then sir, said *Dumont*, your fortune is entire.

Let the effect of these words be imagined, if it be possible to imagine such extreme astonishment and joy as they produced. Delightful scene! though my pencil would obscure, with its cold colours, thy glowing flame, yet can I still enter into my heart, and view thee there in all thy brightness!

Ferdinand availed himself of the calm which inevitably succeeds to such moments, to enquire into a mystery which he could not comprehend. By what happy chance, said he to *Dumont*, am I indebted to you for this signal benefaction? You owe it chiefly, answered *Dumont*, to gratitude, though mistaken in its application; but God judged my intention—that was pure; and, as my reward,

ward, he has directed the effect to the worthiest object.

It is about six months, continued *Dumont*, since I entered into my employment with this banker. He sought for a cashier, and I presented myself to him; sixty thousand francs, the sole remains of the wealth which had been given by the two African sovereigns, became security for me; he accepted my offer, and my small fortune was sunk into his capital. I entered on my duty, and four months passed without my perceiving any alteration in his affairs. Two months since, things began to assume another appearance. He collected considerable sums, and which I knew much exceeded the engagements he had to fulfil. One day he caused these to be removed from his bank. I imagined this was to suit some purpose of speculation, and it gave me no uneasiness. However, the first succeeding payment was made by a loan; and, afterwards, all demands on his bank (which have been discharged) were settled by the same means; while the returns have disappeared, as the former fund, without any apparent employ. A cashier is not to be imposed upon for any length of time; and I explained my fears

fears to the banker. He amused me during six months longer with artful excuses; but soon it was almost impossible for me to doubt his unworthy designs; and I found myself reduced to the unhappy alternative of losing my small fortune, and suffering him to deceive those who confided in him, or of becoming his accuser, and perhaps when he should yet be innocent. This latter part was so strongly repugnant to my feelings, that I chose rather to sacrifice my little property; yet, I resolved to prevent the extension of the evil, and to preserve myself free from all suspicion of any connivance with him. Fourteen days ago I made up the account of the payments for the ensuing day, which amounted to three hundred and forty thousand livres. This I carried to him. He signed it and returned it to me. You know, said I, that I have only twelve hundred francs in bank. I know it, he answered me, and it is my affair. He went out; and was, as usual, at the 'Change. At three the letters of the house were delivered to me. Among others, was a letter from a celebrated commercial house at Nantz, the substance of which was, that their partners

at

at Cape François (in the island of St. Domingo) had received six millions of livres from a gentleman whose name was *de C—*, who was coming into France to reside, and who had given them an order to remit it to our banking house. They inclosed drafts to the amount of four millions, which was all they could procure, and said they would send the remainder by the first opportunity.

In the name of *de C—*, I recognised that of the young man who had rendered me what I then deemed an important service; and my first wish was to save the fortune of my benefactor. Yet, with every appearance against the integrity of my employer, I might be ignorant of his funds and his commercial dealings; and I might be the ruin of a man who deserved otherwise, and whose only fault might be the failing to place his confidence in me. After considerable hesitation, however, I resolved to withhold this letter, and to observe the effect it would produce on the banker. I acted accordingly, and he did not testify any surprise or inquietude; as if he had other advice of this transaction. In the course of the day, he had turned some bills of exchange into cash; and, in the evening,

evening, I remarked several circumstances in the house, which no longer left any doubt in my mind that he prepared for his departure. I resolved to set off at midnight for Nantz, in order to anticipate the courier, that would, doubtless, carry the news of this bankruptcy. I felt however, anxious as I was to save the fortune of M. *de C—*, that my own security and my duty to the creditors of my employer made it necessary for me to take some previous steps. I was about to run to the first consul, when one of the clerks of our house came to inform me, with the greatest alarm, of the banker's flight. I hastened to the consul, related the whole affair, the conduct which I had pursued during the day, and my present design. He approved of the whole; and, my horses being ready, I departed for Nantz. I arrived there eight hours before the news of the bankruptcy; and you will conceive the joy of the house which, had I not saved them, would have been compelled to have stopped payment. They gave me an acknowledgment, duly executed, that the property of M. *de C—* was in their hands, with a promise to pay it to his order. Here is the deed, and I am
proud

proud to be the instrument of saving the fortune of a worthy man, and of displaying the elevated feelings of *Itanoko*.

Our sensations will never be appreciated but by the good. We experienced all the delights which the success of virtue gives to those who are the lovers of virtue. In fact, there was not one amongst us whose virtues had not, by a wonderful succession of events, forwarded the happiness of those who surrounded him.

Who can calculate, to its utmost extent, the progressive impulse which a single worthy act may produce on the world? It is the hand which drops a stone on the tranquil surface of the sea: circles swiftly succeed each other, till they have enlarged themselves beyond the bounds of sight! August idea! The virtuous man becomes, even unknown to himself, the benefactor of the universe!

On this happy day was I united to *Amelia*. We received the nuptial benediction from the Abbé de S***, and heaven heard vows which we have never violated.

Still we wanted *Otourou*, and now each of us became apprehensive of some misfortune.

misfortune. A servant entered, and delivered a letter to me. It was from *Omonrou*. I opened it eagerly. All anxiously watched my looks, and I ran through it with equal rapidity, emotion, astonishment! These were the words:

“ I leave you. America will see me return. I shall embrace my father, *Bruno*, and our negroes. They will make me welcome, and I shall inform them of your happiness. You will say, why am I not the witness of it? Ah, *Itanoko*, this is the greatest sorrow of my life! But nature condemns me to endure it. What man can support an injury without taking vengeance? *Dumont* has suspected me: the death of *Dumont* would delight my vengeance: but I see the tears of his daughter, your tears; I hear the name of father, which you, at present, lavish on him; and all that is sacred to me. No: never, *Itanoko*, could I do more for you, for his daughter, for himself; then fly from you. He suspected me: yet he might have done otherwise. The effort was not impossible. I thought I knew him by experience; and while abandoned by him, without aid, without counsel, without consolation, I languished in irons, which my defence of his daughter

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ter had laid upon me; nothing suggested to me his ingratitude.—Every thing accused him: I alone justified him. Had he no reason to justify me? Yet there have existed men who have received from him the right of pronouncing with disdain the name of *Otourou*! I received this name in my cradle. It was my only property. I preserved it pure, and he has dared to stain it. Oh, fury! Thank heaven, *Dumont*, that it does not, at this moment, offer you to my wrath!

But what do I say? Let the victory be complete. Let me speak that terrible word—that word from which my frame shrinks. Oh, nature! close your eyes while I write it—I pardon him. It is written: yes, it shall not be effaced. But, ah! indulge me with a moment's pause!

Adieu! Yield to no inquietude respecting me. Thanks to your beneficence, I have money. You gave me two hundred louis d'ors, and I possess them entire. Vincennes cost me nothing. I shall be far from you when you shall receive my letter. I charge you make no attempt to pursue me. I should then see *Dumont*, and my wound would bleed afresh. One day I shall embrace you again.

again. Ah, God! if I must die without seeing you more——But let us chase this idea: it is terrifying. I know you, and you will wish, once again, to receive the benedictions of your negroes. At nine in the morning, on the 15th day of October.

Otourou."

I feel that his sentence is just, cried *Dumont*. I have outraged innocence, and it is a true crime. It is my duty to pursue him, to fall at his feet, and to obtain his pardon.

He would have departed: and it required all the ascendancy which I had over him to withdraw him from this resolution. I knew *Otourou*, and saw that it would be better to leave to time to abate the bitterness of his resentment. I did not fear but the arguments of *Bruno* would make an impression on him; and I informed the good old man, by a letter, which I dispatched instantly, of all that had happened.

I had fortunately judged truly of the event. *Dumont* and *Otourou* saw each other some years after. The natural goodness of *Otourou*'s heart had finally prevailed. He felt that nature has rights which silence all others; and that the deed,

deed, which would have been an injury under any other circumstance, was a duty—taking its source as it did in paternal affection. The interview was interesting. *Dumont*, already bending beneath age, advanced with a trembling pace, which timidity rendered still more slow and feeble. *Otourou* had premeditated to preserve all the dignity of a man who pardons an outrage: his first look betrayed that design. He had no power to sustain a part which opposed his humanity, opposed his ancient friendship. Tears rolled down his cheeks: he opened his arms: he ran: he had not even resolution to embrace *Dumont*: he fell at his feet.

The departure of *Otourou* was the last stroke of adversity which I experienced; and my days have since passed without a cloud. *Honorio*, *Ferdinand*, *Duménil*, *Dumont*, my dear *Amelia* and I, have made but one family, but one heart. *Dumont* thought it his duty, before he laid himself down in his tomb to rest, to account (as he had promised) to *Siratik* and *Damel* for their benefactions. The latter had terminated his career in a new war; the sorrowful fruit of his ambition.

But my uncle still sustained, with an arm almost yielding to age, a sceptre honoured by his virtues. He sent me his last farewell, accompanied by treasures which the pleasure of relieving misfortune have rendered dear to me.

Otourou had prophesied truly, when he said I should again see my countrymen employed in my plantation. I flew to pay them one more visit; and to offer to *Bruno* the last tribute of my affection. It seemed that this venerable old man waited only for my presence to sleep in peace in the bosom of eternity. He gave me his benediction; and, with it, the last, the greatest lesson in his power; the spectacle of a just man's death.

I found my countrymen happy. The remembrance of slavery was almost effaced from their minds. Alternate labour, and innocent pleasures had united them; and liberty had unfolded their virtues. They were no longer wretched, abandoned creatures, but a numerous family bound together by the same inclination, the same object. It was not without regret that I saw myself compelled to dissolve this peaceable republic: but their interest prescribed the law to me.

me. The good *Ofmyn* was dead; I wished to conduct *Otourou* back to Europe; and I loved my poor friends too well to entrust their happiness with any one whose virtues I did not know, and who, relying on my distance from them, might render them unhappy. Sufficiently enriched by the benefactions of my uncle to make the sacrifices which my heart approved; I assembled them: I gave them my last blessing, and conveyed them to their country. I then sold the plantation: it was in a flourishing condition; yet, deprived of negroes, I could obtain only a small price for it—but I could not expect a double price, and I obtained that which flattered my ambition, the happiness of unfortunate men.

Nature, love, and friendship, called me back to Europe. There, in the bosom of the gentlest passions, I proceed without fear and without regret to old age; surrounded by my children, my wife, my friends. Instructed, by misfortune, to value the satisfaction which arises from circumstances only as it contributes to purer felicity, I wait in peace for the approach of him from whom the man who cherishes virtue would not fly

for a moment. And, thanks to my God, death will find me without prejudices. Born a negro, I have loved Europeans. May they imitate me. May they feel that the most detestable of all prejudices, the prejudice that most retards virtue in its progress, is the absurd opinion which separates man from man, and cuts off entire nations from the esteem of other nations.

Oh, Europeans! if you were suddenly endowed with that eternal sight which, with a glance, embraces all time and space, you would be terrified with a view of the enormous mass of crimes with which your prejudices against negroes have weighed down Europe—almost beyond the reach of virtue! You would tremble to behold the immensity of virtues which you have destroyed in the seed, and which but for you would have produced the happiness of negroes—your own happiness! Ah, hasten Europeans! Seize the instant, or the return of barbarity will remove the epoch, posterity will snatch the glory from you! Refer not the happiness of future times to miserable calculations, but act. Surround the front of your age with the diadem
of

of beneficence, which shall assure to it an empire over every memorable revolution consecrated in the Temple of Time! Break down the walls of brass which prejudice has reared! Sweep it from your sight! It conceals men, it conceals brethren from you.



N O T E S

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

(1) I KNOW not how the children of certain people can use, without horror, the fortune which is left them.

Enter into the house of one of these dealers in slaves, before his departure for Africa. You find his room filled with trunks. Open them: what do they contain? knives, snuff-boxes, of the value of twelve-pence each, glass beads, and other trifles. The unfeeling trader takes in his hand one of his vile jewels; shews it you coldly; and says without blushing, for this I shall have a negro: This negro will sell for fifteen hundred or two thousand francs. Thus his riches accumulate! He dies: his son becomes his heir. How is it, that his hands are not withered in touching the first crown of this fatal and bloody inheritance!

(2) There

(2) There is a mountain in the island of Jamaica which is called the black mountain, and which has received its name from the number of negroes who retire thither. These negroes have become so numerous as to render themselves formidable. The colonists dare not attack them; and, at present, they form a small independent republic. Every year, deputies come, in the name of this little common-wealth, to pay their respects to the English governor. These ambassadors are treated with attention; and suffered to return without molestation. What cause has deprived the English inhabitants of so many useful hands? Oppression! And the example becomes instructive. There is a line of Voltaire which ought to be engraven in letters of gold, on the front of every palace in the American isles*. Read it:

L'injustice à la fin produit l'indépendance.

ALZIRE.

(3) One of my friends was at Port-au-Prince. Among the number of his negroes, he had a boy of about twelve years old, whose employment it was to wait on him.

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* And why not the palaces of Europe?

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This friend of mine was the Chevalier *de M...al*, descended from one of the best houses of Franche-Comté; he was at that time aid-de-camp to the Chevalier *de Vallière*, governor of St. Domingo. He was a humane man; for I have no friends but what are the friends of humanity. He treated with kindness the little negro boy; and the boy was proud of the confidence with which his master honoured him. If some other negro anticipated him in any little attention which might flatter his master, you immediately saw that his native gratitude was grieved to have lost an occasion to express itself. One day, the Chevalier *de M...al* made a little tour on horseback. The negro boy followed on foot. They entered a place which was extremely retired, and appeared to be dangerous. This was their conversation, word for word:

The Chevalier. What would you do, *Azor*, if we should be attacked? This place does not appear to be very safe.

Azor. Me no fear, master: me fight bravely.

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The Chevalier. You are so young! you would do better to run away.

Azor. Me no run away, master. You good: me love you!

The Chevalier. Well, and what would you do?

Azor. Me defend you!

The Chevalier. You would not have strength enough: what then would you do?

Azor. Die!

(4) One would imagine that the negroes express both their sorrow and joy by songs. They sing in their sports; they sing at their labour; they sing always.

(5) At Cape François, at Port-au-Prince, &c. you send for a hair-dresser. He arrives. He is a European. You imagine that he is to dress your hair. No such thing; for it is the privilege of the Europeans, in that country, to gain their money by doing nothing. This hair-dresser, then, is followed by

by four negroes. One of these combs out your hair; a second, fills it with powder and pomatum; a third, puts it in papers; and the fourth, finishes the business. During this operation, the superb hair-dresser, in a habit of silk, his hat under his arm, a sword dangling at his heel, and his cane hanging at his wrist, presides over the important ceremony. The least inattention, the least awkwardness, in any of his negroes, is followed by a blow on the cheek, which often lays him on the ground. If so, the negro humbly rises again and continues his work. He, whose head is dressed at such a price, is to be pitied!

Let us remark here that *Itaneko* has said—the negroes equal the Europeans in address. Visit the American islands, and you shall be convinced of it. There the negroes do every thing. Arts, trades, are entirely in their hands. With such facility to conceive, such aptitude to learn, nothing is wanting but the nurture of liberty fully to develop their genius.

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The missionaries represent the negroes as stupid, as not being able to reckon beyond three ; and the instant after, paint them to us as eloquent. Stupid ! eloquent ! Strange mixture ! But into such errors must men fall when they write only to make books, and travel only to listen to prejudices. Yes : doubtless, they are eloquent : and natural eloquence is the first spark of genius. Hear a negro express his attachment to you ; defend himself from a false imputation ; recount an event which interests him ; then speak of his eloquence ! And why should they not be eloquent ? They possess the three first qualities of oratory : sensibility, memory, and the power of persuasion. Instructed and free, they would have their *Ciceros*.

THE END.



